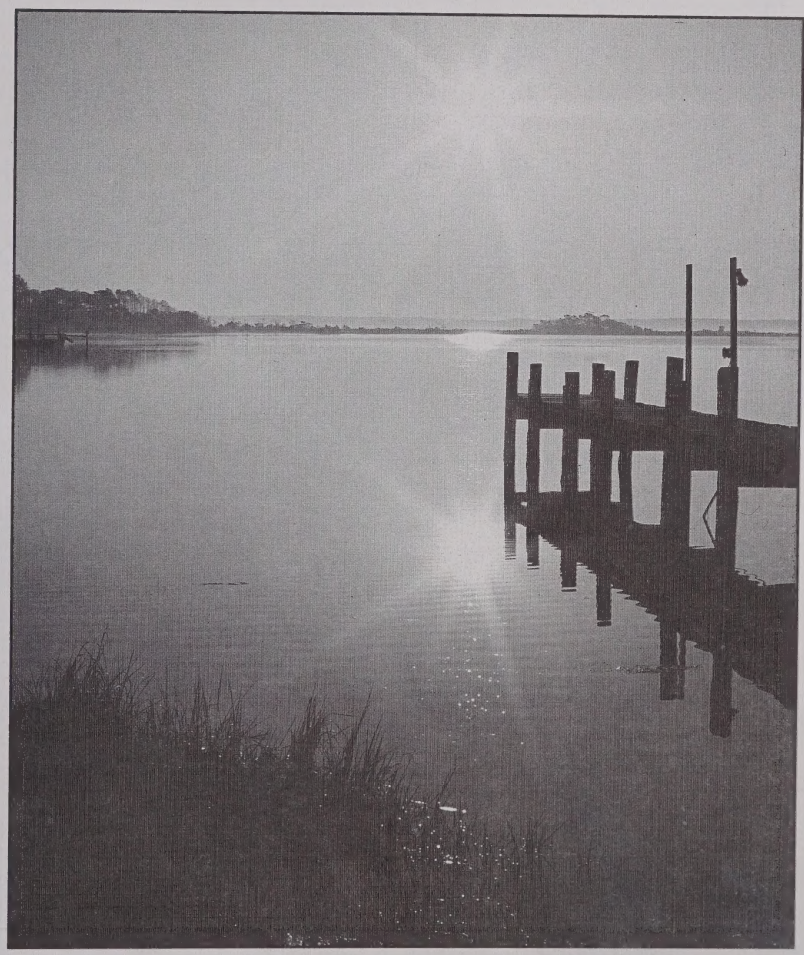


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# THE MAILBOAT

Fall is Here!



1994 Yearbook Edition  
Vol. 4 Nos. 3 & 4  
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*Wherever your natives are in fall  
Their hearts begin to burn  
With a siren call from a lonely beach  
And homeward thoughts begin to turn.*

*While others sing that falling leaves  
Are by a window drifting  
Your sea-folk speak of mullet runs  
When the wind to north is shifting.*

*September's sky at the break of dawn  
From a mountain ledge we will agree  
Inspire, but a sunrise o'er Shackleford  
Is eternal discovery.*

*A stroll down paths to meditate  
When the forest wears her regal gown  
Lifts spirits, yes, but no so high  
As a view of moonlight on Bogue Sound.*

*Expressions of beauty are everywhere  
But the coast reflects it best  
And loveliest place when autumn comes  
Is home in Carteret.*

Gretchen Guthrie Guthrie

*"To Carteret With Love - From the Interior"  
from **Carteret Love Song***

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P.O. Box 3  
Harkers Island  
NC 28531



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## Bowline

Ready or not, believe or not -- here it is ... another *Mailboat*! Another "giant"

edition to bring to you another year's worth of stories, poems, and photos. Work on this edition began back in May ... Now it's September and its together. We are making progress. Remember last year when it was December! Thanks to all the many people who wait and those who really work to keep *The Mailboat* afloat! We are committed to keeping this publication alive ... It is too important to all of us, and to the many people who will read it in years to come, for us to stop. Because of YOU -- the many faithful subscribers and Partners who wait for each edition -- we are creating a place for all of us to record and store our most important memories.

If you have been wondering what we have been doing here on the Island, rest assured we've been busy. The Waterfowl Museum continues to grow. Traffic through the office has more than tripled over the summer, membership is steadily growing, the architects are at work, the Capital Campaign is in the planning stages ... All our efforts are moving us closer to the reality of a heritage center on Harkers Island. The Museum needs your interest and support as well. This facility will highlight and preserve many of the same stories, families, and memories *The Mailboat* has recorded. Our efforts are one and the same ... "preserving the rich and unique heritage of our coastal communities." Come by and visit -- learn more -- join us. We need you!

Thanks as always to all of you for waiting patiently for Joel and I to "light" in the same place and time long enough to make this happen. It is an increasingly difficult trick to accomplish, but we are always glad to have the time together to work on this. *The Mailboat* is my personal tie to many people ... Without it many of you I would have never met, and what a loss that would have been. For others like Joel, Madge, Eddie and many more *The Mailboat* has been a bond between old friends that has strengthened our love and friendship for each other. *The Mailboat* for all of us is much more than a publication, it is the "link" we talked about in the first edition. A "link" not only between people, places, times -- but a "link" between our hearts where we store our love for this place we call home and the history that makes us who we are. That's what these pages are about.

Thank you for being a part of all *The Mailboat* is. Enjoy!

*Karen*



# The Next to the Last Cow on Bogue Banks

Cap'n Jim

*A Brief Overview of the History of Some of the Livestock on Bogue Banks*

Early one morning before day-break in the spring of 1949 my family and I were awakened by a strange bellowing sound coming from our front yard. We all rushed to the front porch to see what was causing all the commotion. As we looked down into the yard below, we beheld, of all things, a cow! It was her mooing that had woke us up. We learned later on that she belonged to Mrs. Alice Hoffman and had broken out of her pen and wandered the four miles down the Banks to our yard. It was my first experience with the cattle of Bogue Banks.

I shall try in this article to briefly outline the history of some of the livestock on Bogue Banks. I say "the livestock on Bogue Banks," since the animals were not native to this island but were for the most part brought over and then many years later taken away, and today essentially none remain. When most people think of livestock they usually think of mammals traditionally found on a farm, plus chickens. On Bogue Banks at one time or another we had chickens, goats, hogs, horses, mules, and cattle. Chickens are kind of like fig trees in Carteret County, they are so widespread that we can probably say for sure that they were present in all of the areas that I will mention where people lived on the Banks for any length of time. They are also so commonplace that references to them are very hard to come by. Therefore, I will say no more about them except that, although now all of the mammalian livestock have been removed from Bogue Banks, there are probably still chickens on the Banks at Salter Path today.

Unlike most of the other Banks of Carteret County in the 1700s and early 1800s, Bogue



*Pony Penning - Near Beaufort (Shackleford Banks), 1907*

Banks had two distinctly different land forms. It was heavily wooded from Bogue Inlet eastward to Hoop Pole Creek, but from there eastward to Old Topsail (now Beaufort) Inlet, it was covered by an extensive grassland from sea to sound with only small islands of trees in its midst. These east'ard Banks had a geologic history of inlet migrations and oceanic over wash that had killed off most of the woody vegetation leaving only grasses in its place. This grassland topography of eastern Bogue Banks is readily apparent in the drawings of the area around Fort Macon made from locations to the west of the fort during the Civil War. This grassy portion of Bogue Banks was referred to as the Bald Banks, not because it was barren, but because it was not wooded.

The grazing animals, of course, loved the grassy Bald Banks, and would naturally migrate to the area whenever possible. The reason Charlie Salter's cow wandered 14 miles down Bogue Banks to Hog Hill was to get to Bald Banks and its excellent grazing (see the Glover-Salter Confrontation later in this article).

I will discuss the animals on Bogue Banks by species so that it will be possible to go right

straight to the animal of interest without having to cover all of the others in between.

### Sheep

I have never seen, heard about, nor read about any sheep on Bogue Banks and so will not discuss them any further.

### Goats

Carrie Duplanty, who lived with her family near Mrs. Alice Hoffman's farm on Bogue Banks in the early 1900s, is reported as writing that there were no goats on Bogue Banks until her father bought some (around 1917-22) to clear out the underbrush around their houses on the Banks near Mrs. Hoffman's farm at "The Isle of Pines" (Ruth Barbour, Cart. Cty. News-Times, Mar. 1991).

The first goats that I personally know anything about on or near Bogue Banks were on Money Island (also known as Monday's, Mundy's, or Maseley's Island), which lies just across the channel (Money Island Creek) from Fort Macon Marina. I have seen an island on various maps, that was supposedly named "Goat Island" for these goats, but not only was this name not generally accepted by the public, but it was also placed on the wrong island on the map. If I remember correctly, one of the Bedsworth children told me that her father, the late Vaughn Bedsworth, put the goats on the island when her family lived there in 1913-14. They were still there the first time I went near the island in the early forties, and I can remember hearing the then current owner of the island, Matt Allen of Kinston, talking about them in the late 1940s. Apparently the goats either could not or would not swim the channel to the Banks nearby. By the time I first explored the island in 1950 they had apparently all been removed.

In 1974 Cecelia Young of the Ocean Ridge community acquired two goats to supply milk for her children, who were allergic to cow's milk. She kept them under her house which was raised up on piling. Four years later the Town of Atlantic Beach annexed her property to Atlantic Beach. About eighteen months later some of the town commissioners decided to get rid of all live-

stock in town and adopted an ordinance prohibiting the keeping of livestock within the town limits. The town brought suit against her, and the case went to the N. C. Supreme Court. The town finally won, but it was a hollow victory (for the ending see the part on horses).

I have no knowledge of any goats having been elsewhere on Bogue Banks.

### Hogs

When or where the first hogs "come" ashore on these Banks I have no idea. They could have come over with the first cattle at Hoop Pole Creek or anywhere on the Banks 100 years later. We know that feral hogs did roam these Banks, for they have a hill (actually a relic inlet ridge) named for them. This hill was located directly in front of Peppertree in Atlantic Beach; however, the Salter Path road now goes right through where it used to be. The Master Historian of Bogue Banks, the late Bryant Guthrie of the Promise' Land, told me that Hog Hill, "the beach hill in the middle of the woods," got its name from the fact that in the fall of the year the hogs on the Banks would gather together around the foot of the hill to feed on the acorns of the live oaks that completely surrounded the ridge. To the best of my knowledge they are the "onliest" one of all the livestock animals on Bogue Banks to have a hill named for them. What a distinction!

My family raised hogs on Atlantic Beach from the "earliest" I can remember until 1947 when we had our last hog killing at the beach stables located where I live today. Hog killings were a festive occasion for me. I was always allowed to stay home from school on that day, and we ate high on the hog for about a month. We would usually kill hogs around the first part of December so that there would be plenty of fresh meat, hog haslets, chitlings, brains, shoulders, hams, sausages, and bacon for Christmas.

"Little George" Smith had a pig to Atlantic Beach in the late 1940s after he moved from the Salter Path. He kept the pig in a small pen in the woods behind his house and planned to raise him up to a good size hog. One day the pig got out and couldn't be found. When we read in the



paper that a fisherman had found a pig swimming in the ocean two miles off Beaufort Inlet we "knewed" that it had to be George's pig. I can't remember if he ever found out for sure if it was his pig or not.

The people to Salter's Path raised hogs on into the 1960s, but now, to the best of my knowledge, there are no hogs anywhere on Bogue Banks. Most folks on the Banks these days are too fancy to have hogs and don't want anybody else to have any either.

### Horses and Mules

I will cover horses and mules together, since all mules are half horse. According to my father there were feral horses (Banker ponies) on Bogue Banks many, many years ago and they probably originated in the same way as those on the Banks to the east and north of Bogue, that is their ancestors were either shipwrecked on the ocean beach or else migrated from adjacent Shackleford Banks. These animals were never domesticated to any extent by the inhabitants of the Banks, nor were they ever used as beasts of burden. Why they didn't use them to help carry fish from the sea beach across the Banks to the sound for transport to market remains a mystery. The same lack of use of these horses by the Bankers was also prevalent with their kin across Beaufort Inlet on Shackleford Banks (Joel Hancock, personal communication).

Carrie Duplanty (op. cit.) wrote that her father attended a pony penning at Fort Macon when she was 8 years old (probably about 1919) and bought 2 ponies which he broke to be saddle ponies. She said that she and her father would ride for miles on the beach together.

My father told me that there used to be lots of horses on Bogue Banks when he was a boy, but that they were all removed during the 1920s.

In the Colonial Period oxen were mainly used as work animals on farms or in construction work, but by the time of the civil war mules were coming into general use, replacing the ox as a work animal. As a result of this trend, mules were probably not used on Bogue Banks prior to the mid-1800s, but were probably the animal of choice thereafter. For example in the timbering

of the G. W. Styron property of Isaac White's Right in the 1890s, and in the similar operations on the Henry Fort property of western Bogue Banks in the late 1940s mules were probably the animal of choice for moving the logs from the woods to the sound. I have no knowledge of the type of animals used in the construction of Fort Macon in the early 1800s, but it was probably a mixture of all kinds. The reader is referred to Paul Branch of Fort Macon State Park or Bill Pohoresky of Newport for more details on the construction of the fort.

Harley Ipock told me a story of one of Mrs. Hoffman's mules and of the wild ride he had in a cart drawn by the creature from Mrs. Hoffman's home to her Tea House on the ocean. He even told me the name of the mule and many more tales about when he worked for her in 1919, but alas, I have forgotten most of the details. But, I do know that she did have mules on the Banks at that early date.

In the construction of the Royal-Chadwick Pavilion in 1887, the Royal Pavilion in the early 1900s, the Hotel Bedsworth at Money Island Beach in 1921, the Bedsworth Pavilion at Asbury Beach in the 1920s, and the early construction of Atlantic Beach in 1927-28, mules were probably the animal that bore most of the burden of hauling the building materials for the construction projects.

The first animal I remember was a mule. The Atlantic Beach and Bridge Co. kept at least one mule on the beach at all times for moving sand. Each spring when I was little and lived in the Atlantic Beach Hotel, my father, using a mule and dragpan, would move the sand that had blown up onto the boardwalk over the past year back down to the ocean. The beach mules were stabled where I now live on Atlantic Beach at 104 Morehead Ave.

A sand moving service was provided to the cottage owners and other residents of the beach by a black entrepreneur from Morehead, George "Peanut" Gaskill. Peanut usually kept two mules at all times, and when business was brisk, instead of carrying them back to the Mainland each night, he would stable them beneath a grove of



cedars and oaks at the west end of Terminal Boulevard.

This practice of using mules to move sand and other heavy items such as logs continued until the end of World War II when bulldozers took over the job.

To the best of my knowledge, other than in construction, horses were never used extensively on Bogue Banks except on three occasions.

The first was in 1862 when the Federal forces probably used them to move their artillery and equipment into position for the attack on Fort Macon, since they usually used horses for such work.

The second occasion may have been during the early period of the life saving stations. Horses were used quite frequently on the North Carolina coast for pulling surfboats on trailers to the ocean beach and for beach patrols. However, I don't know if they were ever used at either the Bogue Inlet or Fort Macon stations, since both were located near inlets and their surfboats could simply be rowed out the inlet to the ocean, rather than launched from the sea beach. From what I have read, it appears that they were not used at either station on Bogue Banks. For anybody who wants further information on this topic, I refer you to Sonny Williamson of Marshallberg.

The third time horses were used extensively was once again by the military in 1943 when the Coast Guard used them in mounted patrols that guarded all of Bogue Banks every night. They had rest stations about every half-mile. These stations were built in the style of a miniature coast guard station of the early 1900s, and resembled the new visitor's center in Morehead. Each one had a lookout tower and communications with Fort Macon. I can remember visiting two of the apparently abandoned stations in the summer of 1943 in the Ocean Ridge area of Atlantic Beach. The main stable and marshalling yard was located on the ocean side of the Banks near Salter Path. If I'm not mistaken, I think that Joe Zajac came to Bogue Banks as a member of this Coast Guard cavalry. This horse patrol lasted about a

year and then was taken over by foot detachments of infantry from the Mainland.

With the end of the horse patrol, the use of horses for big projects on Bogue Banks virtually ceased. At the eastern end of the Banks for a while in the late 1950s Johnny Baker kept a riding horse behind John Glover's house at Lead Creek.

In the late 1970s and early 1980s Cecilia Young, in addition to her two goats, also kept a riding pony for her children to ride at their Ocean Ridge home in Atlantic Beach. As was mentioned earlier, the Town of Atlantic Beach brought suit to make her remove all of her animals, taking the case all the way to the state supreme court. The Town won the suit, but lost the war, because all Cecilia did was move her animals about 75 feet away from her house to an area that was outside the town limits. And, there they stayed, since there was nothing the Town could do about it. However, shortly thereafter a dog attacked the goats, killing one and seriously injuring the other. Although the dog was killed, the fear of another attack, caused her to remove them from the Banks in the mid-1980s.

Thus ends the saga of the horses and mules on Bogue Banks. With the exception of ponies used in kiddie rides in the amusement areas on the Banks, the use of horses and mules is a thing of the past.

### Cattle

Cattle are as intimately intertwined with the history of Bogue Banks as are the names of Borden, Royal, and Hoffman and even the Bankers themselves. They played a major role in two of the main incidents of Bogue Banks history, the Glover-Salter Confrontation and the Hoffman-Salter Path Judgement, and they were a mainstay in the livelihoods of the Bankers.

The Glover-Salter Confrontation involved an encounter between a Bogue Banker, Charlie Salter, from Bell's Cove (Belco) and a former New Yorker, J. Wheeler Glover, who owned land around Hoop Pole Creek and had ordered the Bankers to keep their cattle off his land. Salter's cow had strayed, and he came 14 miles down the Banks looking for her. He and Glover met at Hog



Hill and killed each other. In the Hoffman-Salter Path Judgement a cow and a steer from Salter Path got into Mrs. Hoffman's strawberry Patch and destroyed it. Mrs. Hoffman got upset with the free roaming cattle and took the Salter Pathers to Court. The result was the 1923 Judgement which set aside and reserved for the Salter Pathers their homeland with certain restrictions on their use of the Banks and the ranging of their cattle. Kay Stevens in her book, *Judgement Land*, Book 1, gives an excellent account of these incidents, so they need not be recounted in greater detail here.

In the colonial period oxen were the predominant draft animals in North Carolina, so they were probably used on Bogue Banks also, at least up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The first plantation on Bogue Banks was located in the Hoop Pole Creek area (Wm Borden will, 1749, Cart. Cty. Will Book D, page 12) and evidence indicates that it was established sometime in the period 1732-1749 by Henry Stanton, Jr. and his wife Alice Borden Stanton, daughter of William Borden, the shipwright who built ships on the banks of Newport River in this same time period. To clear a plantation on Bogue Banks in the early 1700s almost surely would have required the extensive use of oxen. And since cows were the main source of milk, cream, butter, and beef, several cows were probably brought over to the plantation as soon as the Stanton family moved to the Banks. This was probably the first occasion of the presence and use of cattle on Bogue Banks.

Since William Borden probably used Bogue Banks as a source of timber for his ship building operations, he probably also used oxen in the wooded part of the Banks for harvesting timber.

In 1800 Archibald Bell bought 50 acres of land on Bogue Banks from William Mace, a Borden heir (Cart. Cty. Deed Book O, page 137), and by 1807 he had settled on the western end of Bogue Banks at Frazier's Creek near Bogue Inlet (Wm Tatham map, 1807). He was related to the Bells on the Mainland and probably also brought over cows with him for the same reasons as did the Stantons. Evidence I have so far indicates

that he did not farm, but probably started the mariner community on Frazier's Creek. By 1840 the families of Hiram Moore and Archibald Yeomans, brothers-in-law, had moved from Ca'e Banks to the same area on Frazier's Creek. Since they were Ca'e Bankers, we can almost be sure they brought their cattle with them. The Bloodgood and Martin families also appeared to have located in that area around the same time, and most likely also brought their cows along.

Other families also lived on the sound side of the Banks in the early 1800s and also probably had both cows and oxen. With the great migration of Ca'e Bankers to Bogue Banks, which began in earnest in the 1840s, a co-migration of their cattle with them undoubtedly took place, and Bogue Banks most likely soon filled up with these free roaming bovines. In the mid-1850s William F. Bell III and his family came into possession of most of Bogue Banks from Bell's Cove (Belco) westward to Bogue Inlet with the exception of the community at Frazier's Creek and the northern one-fourth of the Sound side of the Banks from Covill's old field eastward to the mouth of Piney Island Creek (Archie's Creek, mistakenly called Archer's Creek today, named for Archibald Smith one-time owner). Each fall the Bells would drive their cattle over the Sound from the Mainland to the Banks to graze on the grassland until spring (Bryant Guthrie, personal communication; Kay Stephens, *Judgement Land*, Book 1). The cove on the Banks that the Bell's owned was named Bell's Cove by the Ca'e Bankers who moved there in honor of the Bell family (Bryant Guthrie, personal communication). Thus, during the fall and winter months there would be a great influx of cattle from the Mainland, and Bogue Banks would become one great big cattle pasture until spring.

After Mrs. Hoffman bought the eastern part of the John A. Royal holdings on Bogue Banks in 1917, she had a farm to the east'ard of the estate referred to by the Royals as "The Isle of Pines." According to Carrie Duplanty (op. cit.) Mrs Hoffman and Carrie's father, S. A. Duplanty, operated a dairy on the farm. The milk was pure white ,



## Livestock on Bogue Banks

Kay R. Stevens, "Carteret County Heritage," Vol. 1

The earliest settlers on Bogue Banks probably brought their livestock with them when they moved there. The water surrounding the Banks acted as a natural barrier to the cattle and hogs which roamed freely on the land.

By the turn of the century, the livestock still had free range on the Banks. The cattle ate the marsh grass, usually feeding with their heads to the wind. The hogs would eat wild grapes, acorns, and roots as they wandered through the woods. Both cattle and hogs would get fresh water from the creeks and ponds on the Banks. At one time there was a pond located where Thompson's Trailer Park now stands. Ducks swam there and the livestock drank the fresh water. Usually the ponds occurred in a depression between two or more sand dunes.

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*By the turn of the century, the livestock still had free range on the Banks.*

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Each cow and hog was branded by its owner, and the brands were registered in the court house. There are drawings in the book used to register the brands demonstrating the location and shape of the different brands. The ears of the animals were cut at different intervals depending on the owners brand.

The cows were usually called scrubs as they were mixed breeds. Very little control was maintained over their selection of a breeding partner. Sometimes a cow was taken elsewhere to be bred. For example, Lillian Golden had a cow which she named Buttercup. It was part Jersey and part Guernsey. The cow was purchased from Sam Wallace Dixon. On one occasion, Buttercup was taken to Broad Creek by boat to be bred with a cow owned by a Meadows family.

Because of the no fence law on the mainland, some families would drive their cattle across Bogue Sound to the Banks in the spring where they could roam freely and feed on the grasses

there. In the fall, they would drive their cattle back to the mainland to be fenced in and fed hay in the winter.

The settlers on the Banks fenced in their gardens to keep the cows out. Some had small cow pens which they used to fence in their cattle in the winter months. The fence was also used to fence in the cow and her calf in the spring. Later, when they wanted the calf weaned, they would let the cow out part of the day. When they let her back in the fence, they would let the calf out. Along about July or August when the flies got thick, they would turn the cow and calf out together.

### Milk Sold

Not all the villagers had livestock, and of those that did, some would not have a milk cow. Therefore, anyone who had more milk, butter, or cream than they needed, would sell it or give it to their neighbors.

Sometimes those that lived in Broad Creek would kill a beef cow, cut it up and place it on the stern of the boat. They would bring it to Salter Path where they would sell it for fifteen cents per pound. The Salter Pathers would occasionally kill a cow but they kept it for their own use.

In the fall, the hogs that were to be slaughtered were rounded up and put in a pen for several weeks so they could be fattened on corn. The hogs were used to their owners as once a week they were called up to be fed corn. For this reason, the round up was made less difficult.

Lillian Smith Golden talks about the slaughter and preparation of the hog meat. "We killed our hogs in the winter and salted meat and smoked meat. Before I ever married, we used to take a big barrel, (wooden barrel) they called them pork barrels then, something like a kerosene barrel, great big old barrel, knock the heads out of it, dig a hole in the sand, put the barrel o'er it and put a fire in the hole. We take a stick and hang out hams and shoulders on it . . ." I

asked her if they had a smoke house. Her reply was, "No. We used a scallop house after that."

### Shingle Tick

In the early 1900's some of the cattle got the shingle tick. Lillian Smith Golden related the following information in a taped interview. My questions or comments will be in parenthesis. "(I wanted to get it straight about the cattle. When the mainlanders started running their's over here, the cattle got some sort of tick on them.) Shingle tick. They called it the Texas fever tick. I know there'd be patches as big as your hand along the shoulder. I don't know when it was when they passed the no fence law. They had free range on the mainland then. They called it the "no fence law" so they wouldn't have to fence their farms. Then there were a few had moved from the Banks in them back days and had moved to the Broad Creek side. They took what few they had. Some had two, three or four and some had five or six, something like that, to the family, and they'd put them on the Banks. Then they passed a law, you had to have them dipped . . ." (They had to build some sort of pit didn't they?) . . . They built that dipping vat on the south side about where the highways are at now, and it was built narrow and it was about four feet wide and about fifteen or eighteen feet long. Each end came up. the south end had sticks that went kind a slant like stair steps or doorsteps. They'd push them cattle off that back where it was steep. Back edge of it. Cause I had a young heifer. I took up there myself and they'd push her in there." (She is talking about Buttercup.) "They'd push them off in there and they'd swim through this solution to kill the ticks. Then they'd climb out and they'd take them on out of the gate. (They'd run about one through at the time?) Yeah. they couldn't walk. They had to swim out the other end and that would get them washed off good."

A combination of factors led to the gradual demise of the raising of livestock on Bogue Banks. In 1923, Alice Hoffman who owned the land on which the village of Salter Path stood, took the head of each household to court after several cows managed to get in her garden even

though her estate was surrounded by a fence. The villagers were allowed to stay on the land, as well as their descendants, but they were told where their cows could and could not roam.

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*Because of the no fence law on the mainland, some families would drive their cattle across Bogue Sound to the Banks in the spring where they could roam freely and feed on the grasses there. In the fall, they would drive their cattle back to the mainland to be fenced in and fed hay in the winter.*

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With the advent of shingle tick and the forced dipping of the cattle, and the 1925 fence law, the raising of cattle became too much trouble and less profitable as the cows now had to be fed more.

A few like Lillian Golden and Josephus and Lula Lewis kept what they called hand cows. They were kept for milking purposes. They would tie the cows out in a different spot each day. the cows' diet was supplemented with dairy feed.

The villagers continued to raise hogs after the fence law but kept them in pens on their property.

As the population of the village increased over the years, there was no longer room for the livestock. As a result, today only a few have chickens or duck but none to my knowledge have livestock.

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*Source: Taped interviews with Lillian Smith Golden..*

*Carteret County Heritage, Vol. I is out of print. Vol. II is still available from the Carteret County Historical Association and at the Core Sound Waterfowl Museum.*



## Bankers' Ponies in 1860

Edmund Ruffin from "State Magazine," March 9, 1957.

*Then, as now, they fascinated the visitor to North Carolina's Outer Banks. This article continues the series selected from the 1860 travel book "Sketches of Lower Carolina."*

### The "Banker Ponies" in 1860

These hills are of loose sand, generally fine, but in some parts coarse, and with still larger fragments of shells, brought to such high elevations as to indicate prodigious power of the winds that brought them to such heights. There is rarely seen so much of vegetable growth as a stunted weed on this sand -- and in one lower basin only enough of vegetation lives to show a slight tint of green. But formerly this present waste was covered by a forest, in part of cedars, and many of them of large sizes, of which the dead remains are still standing or lying over the surface. The trees must have been killed by being covered by new accumulations of sand, which in later time was blown farther inland, and so again left exposed such trees as remained rotted during the long interval since they were buried.

On Hog Island, on the Atlantic, in Virginia, the cedars which have thus been uncovered, were so numerous as to be of much value, as timber for sale in distant markets.

Roanoke island, (which, however I did not see, because of accidental delays in the water trip,) is much the most important and interesting of all these islands. It contains several thousand acres of dry land. Though of the usual sandy soil, the land of this island is very productive, and especially in potatoes and garden vegetables. And on all these lands, the climate is so mild, that all vegetables are earlier in maturing than on the main land opposite and nearest. This and the other conditions will make these lands especially suitable for the "trucking business," or raising potatoes and other vegetables for the great northern cities.

When the Albemarle and Chesapeake canal shall be finished, there will not only be rapid steam navigation to Norfolk, but the same mode

of conveyance will serve to bring thence the numerous hands for getting the crops, which extra and temporary supply of laborers is indispensable for the business.

V.--Grazing and rearing of live-stock. The wild horses, their qualities and habits--and the "horse-pennings."

Except at and near Portsmouth, and where actual residents have possession, there is no separate private property in lands, on this reef, from Ocracoke to Beaufort harbor. But though there are no land-marks, or means for distinguishing separate properties, every portion of the reef is claimed in some manner, as private property, though held in common use.

If belonging to one owner, the unsettled land would be valuable, for the peculiar mode of stock-raising in use here. But under the existing undefined and undefinable common rights, the land is of no more value to one of the joint-owners, or claimants, than to any other person who may choose to place breeding stock on the reef.

There are cattle and sheep on the marshes of this portion of the reef, obtaining a poor subsistence indeed, but without any cost or care of their owners. On the other hand, the capital and profits are at much risk, as any lawless depredator can, in security, shoot and carry off any number of these animals. But horses cannot be used for food, (or are not--) and cannot be caught and removed by thieves--and, therefore, the rearing of horses is a very profitable investment for the small amount of capital required for the business.

There are some hundreds of horses, of the dwarfish native breed, on this part of the reef between Portsmouth and Beaufort harbor--ranging at large, and wild, (or untamed,) and continuing the race without any care of their numerous proprietors. Many years ago I had first heard of similar wild horses on some of the larger sea-islands of Virginia, and wrote and published (in the "Farmer's Register,") some account of them. But

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## Slash Star and the Harems of Shackleford

from "Coast Watch" May 1983

For the first four years of his life, the colt Slash Star has roamed the grassy swales and marshes of Shackleford Banks with the herd--the harem--of his father. Now it is time for him to leave and make his own way.

He gallops past the dunes, over the tough cordgrass, stopping once to paw the damp sand and sip fresh water as it collects in the hole. Soon he reaches the limit of his father's domain, a line marked only by a few low shrubs and some piles of dung. He crosses the border.

For several days he lingers there, grazing on the fringes of another stallion's territory. the stallion glares out through a shock of wiry mane; he herds his harem away from the intruder. Slash Star grows bolder, grazing nearer to the herd.

Suddenly, the stallion charges, head up, his flaxen mane waving like a banner. His ruddy coat is stiff with salt spray. His flanks are scarred. As he meets the colt they snort, wheel, lay back their ears and mark the ground with their scent. Soon their hooves are flying, the stallion rearing high to flail the air.

There is no clear winner. Slash Star is agile and exceptionally strong, but the older stallion has earned his place with skill and savvy. After several days of testing one another, the stallion holds his ground, but cannot run the colt away.

At last, they reach an understanding. Slash Star can stay, but only as the stallion's helper, an apprentice. He will have no mares of his own.

Things go smoothly for several months. Day after day, Slash Star charges out to help defend the harem's borders. Sometimes the fights are vicious; his bleeding jaws sting when he drinks in the salt marsh. The stallion fights too, but now he has more time to rest, to graze, to groom his herd. The colt is learning to fight.

One day, when the older stallion is away defending their border, Slash Star mates with one of the mares. When the stallion returns, he too mates with the mare, as if reclaiming her.

Slash Star has broken the pact, and he will again. Before very long, he and the harem leader will battle for control of the herd. The loser will be banished.

The story of Slash Star first appeared, not in the pages of romantic fiction, but in a scientific journal. The original account of his coming-of-age, written in the more objective and scholarly prose of a scientist writing for scientists, was the work of Daniel Rubenstein, a Princeton University biologist who specializes in behavioral ecology--the study of how animals' behavior relates to their environment.

For the past ten years, Rubenstein has spent much of his free time on Shackleford Banks, traipsing the sands and wading the marshes with his students, jotting notes about the wild ways of the 100 or so feral horses there. He knows them all, he says, by their markings and by the names he gives them--Big Red, Slash Star, Squiggle Face and JJ. And he calls the social order among Shackleford horses "unique."

"The horses there set up territories and defend them," Rubenstein says. "They don't do that anywhere else. Shackleford is a natural laboratory of animal behavior."

Each year since he first studied the island as a graduate student from Duke University, Rubenstein has watched the harem leaders defend their borders, which never shifted more than fifteen or twenty meters, then, in 1980, the laboratory turned upside down. What happened on Shackleford was nothing short of revolution--the violent overthrow of a great social order.

"The harem leaders were getting older, and at the same time there was an increase in the number of bachelor males," Rubenstein says. "Some of the young turks took over, threw the old stallions out, and divided the mares up among them. Now there are no big harems and no territories, only small herds and overlapping ranges."

But Rubenstein expects to see the territories reassert themselves.



## Pony Penning on Portsmouth

by Dot Salter Willis

I remember when I was a child the pony penning on Portsmouth Island.

My father, Ben Salter and his brothers, Tom, Charlie and Ross would get up early in the morning, it must have been around July 4th. They would saddle their horses and go out with other men to look for the wild horses.

Some times it would be a long time before they found them and sometimes not so long. It was not so easy to keep them all running in the direction they wanted them to go.

Earlier in the week they had built a corral to pen them up in.

The women and children would look for them to start coming in. We would have dinner cooked for the men because they would always be hungry and tired. This was an all day event.

The lead stallion would some times go off in different directions and the others would follow. Some would swim in the water. It was a hard job to keep them going where the men wanted them to go.

When they finally got them into the corral, we children and some of the women would go down to see them. I thought they were real pretty.

My Dad and uncles would build a big fire and get their branding irons and brand the young ones. The young ones also followed their mothers and the men would know which ones belonged to them.

I did not like this because I knew that this hurt and you could smell the flesh burning. When they were all in the corral some of them were sold to some people that came over to the horse penning.

I remember when all the horses had to be taken off the island. I was grown then and I lived at Sea Level, N.C. My Daddy gave me two of the last ponies taken off Portsmouth Island. They were nice ponies, but the winter was bad, freezing and raining and they could not adjust to the main land feeding. I was very sorry when they both died.

"Slash" continued from page 11.

"My hypothesis is that the strongest of the stallions will begin to take mares away from the rest, and when it's economical, they'll set up the territories again."

He thinks the territories came about because they served the interests of the herd. And Rubenstein has found that the quality of life in the territories is actually better in some ways than the life outside. He explains why by pointing to features in Shackleford's environment.

Shackleford is a narrow barrier island running west to east for about 10 1/2 miles. On the eastern end, under the sweep of Cape Lookout's lighthouse beam, a broad, grassy swale rolls back from the dunes, pocked with holes containing rainwater, until it reaches the salt-marsh flats on the island's sound side. This eastern end is open, easy to patrol. Four herds made their home there, never leaving. Even when stampeded and driven away, the herds quickly re-settled their home turf. On many a stormy night, Rubenstein has watched them huddle together behind a dune or a fishing shack, unwilling to leave their territory, even for sheltering trees just a few miles away.

Why are the territories so important? Rubenstein believes that, by defending large areas of resources, a stallion can increase the size of his harem, secure better grazing sites for the females in his herd, and help ensure that he fathers more offspring. Grass grows longer in the territories. Rubenstein has reported that the horses there seemed to discipline their grazing--cropping one area at a time, allowing new grass to establish itself.

But on Shackleford's western end, high dunes and maritime forest break the landscape into clumps of vegetation too small to manage or defend for the sake of a large herd. Here was a kind of netherland of bachelors, outcasts and lone mares, running in small bands, disbanding to form new groups, scuffling over a drink of water, a mouthful of grass. The weakest and the lowest-ranking

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## Owners Take Free-Roaming Livestock Off Core Banks

"News Times" clippings (late 1950's) from the David Murrill Collection

Owners of cattle and ponies on Core Banks were busy this past week taking the animals to the mainland. Being removed from Shackleford banks are sheep, cattle and hogs. On Shackleford and Ocracoke, wild banker ponies are being permitted to stay.

The mass movement is the result of action in the 1957 legislature. To preserve, and to build up the badly eroded section from Drum Inlet north to Ocracoke Inlet, the state agreed to undertake reclamation work if the animals were removed. July 1, 1958 was set as the deadline for taking them off.

Placed in the hands of the Department of Conservation and Development was the responsibility to determine whether ponies, or other types of livestock, are causing damage to vegetation on the banks. (Vegetation holds the sand in place).

Without vegetation, normal winds, as well as storm winds, carry away the outer banks land. the banks are a protection barrier along the North Carolina mainland.

### Why They Remain

Ponies are being allowed to remain on Shackleford because Shackleford has not been as badly eroded by storms as has the northern part of Core Banks between Drum and Ocracoke Inlets.

If, after removal of cattle, sheep and hogs from Shackleford, the C & D board finds that the ponies are contributing to erosion of Shackleford, owners of those ponies may be ordered to take them off.

Some of the ponies that have been brought to the mainland have been retained by their owners, some have been sold to residents of Atlantic and Cedar Island who are attempting to build up the wild pony herd on Cedar Island.

Sheep on Shackleford are scheduled to be penned Monday. One Harkers Island owner of a sheep herd is selling his sheep to a North Carolinian from upstate. Harkers Islanders don't intend to keep sheep on the island.

### Age-Old Practice

For years, Carteret residents have put livestock on the outer banks to let them roam. Every summer, the ponies were rounded up, branded, and some were sold.

Taking the ponies off Core Banks will put an end to the pony penning there. According to present plans, ponies will be penned at Diamond pen, about two miles north of Cape Lookout, today.

A scowload of ponies were taken off the "east'ard" banks, as the lower part of Core Banks is called, Tuesday. The remainder are scheduled to be rounded up in Diamond pen and taken off today.

Ponies on Shackleford, at what is known as the Bell's Island pen, are to be penned tomorrow. The pen is located near the site of old Diamond City, which lay between Beaufort Inlet and Barden's Inlet.

Boats will leave for tomorrow's penning from Harkers Island and Marshallberg.

Thirty-five banker ponies are permitted to remain at Ocracoke. But the law specifies that they must all be owned by Boy Scouts. Ocracoke claims the distinction of having the only mounted Boy Scout troop in the country.

### Sheriff Waives Cattle Deadline

Yesterday was the deadline for getting cattle off the banks. But sheriff Hugh Salter said that he'd give the backsliding cattle owners who have not complied with the law "a few more days."

They must either get the cattle off or confine them behind a fence.

Harry T. Davis, curator of the state museum, who owns land on Core Banks, reported to J. A. DuBois, Morehead City chamber manager, that he planted 500 cedars on his property last month.

Then he added, he learned that there are still cattle on the banks. Mr. Davis predicts that they'll eat his trees.



Mr. DuBois and the Morehead City chamber have been actively trying to interest private property owners in taking measures that will prevent further erosion of the banks. Mr. DuBois says, "People don't realize how serious this situation is. Actually, work to keep the beaches from washing away is flood control."

He points out that New Bern, Hyde County areas and areas in this county on the mainland are experiencing "normal" tides almost a foot higher than the normal tides were before Hazel and other hurricanes.



Dallas Guthrie, Harkers Island, displays on the end of a pencil the arrowhead that pierced this calf's chest and shoulder. The calf was found Wednesday on the western end of Shackleford banks in the woods near Lewis cemetery.

The arrow was still in the calf and the wound was festering. Guthrie and Leslie Asdenti brought it back to Harkers Island, removed the arrow and are nursing the calf back to health. The islanders believe that a so-called sportsman with a bow and arrow shot the calf, then left it to die. Since a law prohibits cattle from running at large on the banks, hunters feel that the animals are fair game.

### Nowhere Else Will You See Wild Pony Pennings

Perhaps the most unique attraction along the whole Carolina coast is the penning of wild ponies on the "outer banks".

Regularly every summer, the hardy ponies that live year around on the high shoals off the mainland are corralled by their owners, branded and set free, or sold to persons who want pets for their children.

The most complete information on these fascinating animals is released by the Beaufort Chamber of Commerce as follows:

If banker ponies could talk one would doubtless need an Arabian interpreter to understand "Sou'wester" the dwarfed wild stallion that is undisputed leader of some score of banker ponies on the Outer Banks of North Carolina in Carteret County.

We might be surprised to discover that "Sou'wester" spoke the Core Sound dialect of English with flavor from Elizabethan days, and only a trace of Arabic, as he told us: "Some twenty odd horse generations ago our ancestors were taken from our native Arabia and boarded on four-mast schooners.

The "Oatspot" (which we find is the equine equivalent of "scuttlebutt") had our ancestors' destination as Carolina Plantations, the West Indies, the Courts of Spain, France and Portugal. This particular point was never cleared up, for storms and a pirate (thought to be Edward Teach, known as Blackbeard) combined forces to wreck our boats.

### Lured Ships

Further questioning of "Sou'wester" would probably find him reluctant to discuss the part his ancestors are reported to have played in wrecking vessels near Hatteras. It is recanted that years ago the Outer Bankers tied lanterns around the ponies' necks and as they grazed, appeared to unsuspecting seafarers as vessels laying at anchor on the swelling sea. Heading for this supposed harbor, the vessels would pile up on reefs and were then fair game for looting. Thus, Nags Head reportedly received its name.

To questions about the "Banker Pony Pennings," we only receive a neigh, a dash of the mane, and tail flying in the glistening sun as "Sou'wester" rejoins his herd on a nearby sand dune. This we profoundly interpret as meaning that the king of the Banker Ponies finds such discussion unpleasant.

## Wild, Woolly Sheep Leave Banks

David Murrill Collection



Spectators gather about around the pen or "corral" into which the wild ponies have been driven. "Beaters," some on horses and some on foot, drive the ponies from the end of their range into the pen.



Before being turned loose, the colts are branded by their owners. Colts bought by mainlanders are transported from the banks by boat, some are small enough to ride on the back seat of a car!



The sheep were brought from Shackleford Banks to Harkers Island, tied in open skiffs. The skiffs were moored in shallow water at Harkers island and willing hands pulled the sheep into the water, then guided them ashore to the waiting trucks.



Paul Hancock, Harkers Island, shows the proper method of controlling a wild ram. With the sheep's head between his legs, Paul could walk along and drag the animal with him.

Coastal Carolina history was in the making at Harkers Island and Shackleford Banks Monday. Wild sheep from the banks were rounded up with help of dogs, penned, then ferried across Core Sound to the island and loaded on trucks bound for Virginia.

The roundup followed legislation by the state requiring all stock to be removed from the Outer Banks. The legislators felt that the animals were destroying the vegetation that held the sand dunes.

Hurricanes of recent years have made state officials more aware than ever of the important role played by the Outer Banks. These islands catch the brunt of ocean storms and prevent flooding of the mainland.



## The Mounted Scouts Harnessed the History of Ocracoke Island

from "The Island Breeze," July 1993, Vol. 3, No. 4, by Daniel C. Couch



*"One spring day Colonel Howard brought his troop across the Inlet and encamped in the lee of the hill. They spent two days visiting me--and so did the entire population of this Island, who came just to look at a horse. And to see some of the most hell-for-leather horsemanship ever witnessed east of the rodeo belt . . ." Ben Dixon MacNeill, in his book, **The Hatterasman***

The name "Pony Island" brings to mind vivid images of wild, ocean-grown ponies, fierce and free in their isolated barrier-island environment. Ocracoke's association with banker ponies is based on historical fact and is as old as recorded knowledge of the island itself.

In 1585, a ship of the Lost Colony expedition was stranded on the shoals inside Ocracoke Inlet. The crew forced livestock—including horses—overboard at high tide to lighten the load and re-float the vessel. They never returned for the animals. And for the next 150 years, undisturbed by the Indians who weren't exactly sure what to do with them, they survived.

In 1737, a ship bound for Virginia, The Prince of India, shipwrecked near Styron's Hill with perhaps 20 or more horses from Hispaniola aboard. As local lore has it, the horses swam ashore and enough survived and adapted to the salt environment.

By 1755, additional horses were brought in from Carteret County and the islanders used them to control the ever-increasing number of

cattle. So began the legacy of Ocracoke's wild banker ponies.

It would be 200 years before a group of young boys, ages 10 to 14, harnessed this legacy and fortified Ocracoke's reputation as "Pony Island." These fearless young men were the mounted Boy Scout Troop 290 of Ocracoke, who captured, penned, and tamed their own wild ponies. Troop 290 received national recognition as the only mounted scout troop in the country (so far as anyone knows) in a feature article in "Boys Life" magazine in March 1956.

"Every boy on the island in our age group was involved," says David Esham, one of the original mounted scouts and now the owner of



the Pony Island Motel in Ocracoke. On isolated Ocracoke, the banker ponies gave the youth an outlet to direct their energies into. There was no state ferry system yet, and it was 4-1/2 hours to the mainland by mail boat. The only phone was at the Coast Guard Station. It would be another four years before the first paved road was built.

The island's wild ponies are descendants of the Spanish mustang, raised on horse farms in Hispaniola (now the Dominican Republic) in the Spanish West Indies 250 years ago. English ships traded regularly in the West Indies and brought horses and spirits to the Virginia aristocracy.

The ponies stood about 13 to 14 hands high, and their exceptionally long manes and tails

fended against the notorious biting insects of the salt marshes.

Prior to the arrival of the Park Service in 1935, banker ponies numbered roughly 170 to 200 in 10 or so herds, each gang led by dominant stallions who fought amongst themselves for control of mares and territorial rights. They thrived on natural grasses, which grew at fresh water holes near the "pony pens" and several holes within the village. The ponies also adapted to a diet of various salt and marsh grasses, including sea oats, and dug water holes with their hooves in marshy areas when thirsty.

"We had to teach them to eat," David says, speaking of the difficulty in domesticating a wild pony. "We didn't have a lot of corn, so we'd use a quart can of sweet molasses feed mixed in with oats and a little corn, and stuff it in their mouths. They just didn't know how to eat."

First order of business for an Ocracoke mounted Boy Scout was to select a pony. Despite being wild and roaming free, often ownership of the ponies was claimed by the federal government and private individuals who wanted payment. Fifty dollars a pony was the going price. Fifty dollars was a steep price for a boy in the 1950's, so a lot of lawns got mowed, fish packed, nets picked, shrimp peeled and oysters shucked before a boy had his pony.

Wishing a pony was yours was one thing, remembers James Barrie Gaskill, another of the original scouts, but catching the animal was quite another. The boys had to be mindful of the horses' spirit. Stallions were by nature rambunctious and inclined to fight. Capturing one was usually a two-man job.

"Man, was it ever a chore," says Jim Barrie, an ever-smiling Jimmy Buffet look alike. "They'd go off in deep mud, swim out in the ocean or the sound, anything to keep from being concerned." Jim Barrie's pony, "Champ," took off in the sound. He waded in after the animal, but the pony kept going farther out. Finally he got a lasso around his neck, and the rope actually had a calming effect. Placing a T-shirt over the eyes and tying it off also helped make the pony less jittery.

Once captured, however, came the sobering task of breaking the animal in. Jim Barrie recalls that this was quite a chore as well with his pony Champ.

"He'd lay down on me, roll over, buck, try to bite me," he said. Many times wild ponies would throw such a fit the scouts would use bags of sand on their backs instead to break them down. Early on the troop made dummy riders by filling an old pair of jeans and a shirt with sand and straw and strapping it on the pony's back. However, after the animal bucked the dummy and began stomping on it, the boys quickly bagged the idea, mindful that they would be the next one on.

To contain the rowdier stallions, the scouts sometimes gelded them. Sam Jones, a wealthy part-time resident in the '40's and '50's who married a woman from Ocracoke, flew vets in to do the procedure and also monitor the overall health of the herds. Gelding made the stallions less feisty and easier to handle.

"'Little Teach' was a mean, hard-headed stallion that Lindsey Howard rode," recalls David



*Rudy Austin and his horse, Diablo*

Esham. Scoutmaster Marvin Howard had taken the boys to the water hole for a camping trip. Lindsey and David traded ponies just for a ride when Little Teach started bucking fiercely and threw David off. "He kicked me square in the head," David said, showing a crescent shaped scar that was good for about 44 stitches just about his hairline.

Fortunately, there was a doctor on vacation in the village who sewed David up with a needle



and thread. "He'd been drinking all day, but he did a good job," David says.

"I had a mare--I didn't have those stallion problems with Queenie."

David remembers the strong bond between horse and rider the boys enjoyed, particularly the attachment he had with Queenie. There was a gang of wild horses that ran near the motel David now owns, and Queenie roamed with them "She'd hear our kitchen door slam, leave the gang, and head straight for the house. She'd stick her big head over the fence, making a lot of noise, wanting me to come out and feed her and pay some attention to her. Then she'd take off again.

"She got to be read loyal. I'd whistle for her, she'd come every time. She was real obedient. Nice riding. When I would need her 'down below' (north end of the island), I'd whistle for her and put her in the pen. She knew we were going riding the next morning.

"On the first day of spring she had a colt--Pinochle."

The scouts at Ocracoke may not have enjoyed the conveniences that Boy Scouts elsewhere took for granted--such as easy access to uniforms, scouting handbooks, and materials to complete requirements for merit badges-- but they achieved nonetheless in the spirit of scouting.

Troop 290 Scoutmaster Marvin Howard, according to David Esham, appreciated the example scouting established in a young boy's life. Colonel Howard was retired from the Army Corps of Engineers and returned to Ocracoke. He let the boys center their duties and activities around what they truly wanted to do--ride ponies.

Col. Howard encouraged the boys to have faith in the "good deeds" aspect for which the Boy Scouts of America is known. They ran errands and did work for the island's elderly, participated in community functions and also went to church, much to the delight of parents and relatives.

"He encouraged us to go to church," Esham recalls. "It won us respect not only in the community but also with the Boy Scout Council that

gave us a crash course on what scouting was all about."

Col. Howard thoroughly enjoyed what he was doing, David says. Usually every weekend the scouts rode, camped, and helped out in the village. They served as mounted honor guards for various Coast Guard functions, and led North Carolina Gov. Luther Hodges' procession into town when Hodges flew by helicopter to Ocracoke. The governor, no doubt, was impressed.

Troop 290 regularly sprayed the marshy areas for much needed mosquito control.

The favorite time of year for the scouts was the spring and fall cattle drives and the Fourth of July pony penning on Ocracoke Island. Real cowboy work along the oceanside was like living a fantasy, and the boys relished it. Sam Jones' vets treated the ponies, the boys penned their mounts, and prepared their bedrolls and ropes in anticipation of the fun ahead.

About 500 head of cattle belonging to the islanders roamed freely and were scattered from the village all the way to Hatteras Inlet. The scouts camped their first night at the pony pens halfway down the island. Early the next morning after breakfast they struck out for Styron's Hill at the inlet and began the drive to the village.

Cow punching was tough work. "Bulls, or nery old steers, they'd turn on you at any time," David remembers. One time Sam Jones flew down to ride during a spring drive when one of his steers turned on him, goring him and his horse. A doctor took care of Jones' leg injury, but an animal specialist was flown in for his seriously injured horse.

Once the island's cattle were gathered near the village, the boys helped the local men corral the animals for branding, bull castration, slaughter and medical attention. Throughout the year various villagers called on the scouts to round up their individual animals.

"George O'Neal called on us often, he had lots of livestock, and he'd give money toward the troop or give us a calf or a colt," David says.

While the cattle drive was strictly local, the annual Fourth of July pony penning was recog-

# Things I Remember about my Childhood

Madeline Golden Salter

*Brought to The Mailboat by Sammy Taylor.*

It was in the year of 1908 on August 23rd, when my father and mother George Allen Golden and Caddie Taylor, were united in marriage. They were married in their own home, which my father saw fit to build before they were married, so they would have a place to live. My mother's parents, raised a large family in a two room house. My father's parents died when he was quite young. In fact, he was only three years old when his mother died. He had a sister about two years older than he was. Her name was Lydia. He also had three other sisters. His father, Tyson Golden, was married before he married my father's mother Caroline. His sisters tried to take care of him best as they could, until he got old enough to work for himself, which was quite young.

In those days it was really hard times. No one had very much money. My father was a hard worker, and believed in taking care of what he made; so he started saving toward his house - and being raised by different people, he went from house to house.

Two years after they were married, on June 9, 1910 they became proud parents of twin girls - which were born in the home they were married in. Mrs. Alvina Gaskill was a midwife; she was with my mother during the delivery.

In those days there were no doctors living close enough to get to. The closest town was Beaufort, N. C. and the only way to get there was by boat - and that was an all day trip.

One of those twin girls was myself, named Madeline - the other one they named Caroline. She was named after my father's mother. We were the center of attraction in the community. Everyone came to see the twins. We were identical, no one seemed ever to tell which was which - only my parents. We got more alike as we got older.

My mother had her hands full when we were infants. We had colic for three or four months.

She said her sister Polly, who was not married at that time, would come in and try to help take care of us. It is bad enough to have one baby crying, it is worse with two. She only had one cradle but it was fairly large, so she managed to put both of us in it. We were breast fed, so I am sure she didn't get much rest while we were babies.

One of the first things I can remember was when we were three years old. On August 28 1913, Papa took us to Aunt Cordelia's house. I still can remember that little house. She had the walls covered in paper - not wall paper like we have today. She used newspaper, catalog leaves, pictures, anything she could get, pasted all around. This made the house warmer. She had a fireplace and did all her cooking in that. I can see those biscuits cooked in that iron pan with a lid on it, setting on three pieces of brick on one side of the hearth. She would put the burning coals on top of the lid and under the pan. The bread would brown so pretty.

Well, when we got home that day, there was a baby there. We were surprised, but proud of our baby sister. They named her Mariam. She was named after my grandfather's mother, on his mother's side. She was nicknamed "Mell" since almost everyone in those days had nicknames or either the women were called by their husband's first name along with their own first name. I remember there was one woman they called Sall Jim and another Nance Wash and several others I could name. I thought it sounded so funny when I was a child. I used to ask my mother why they did that. She said there were so many people with the same names, they did it to identify them.

I remember after Mariam got to where she could crawl around, Papa called her his little woman and he used to call me and Sisie his babes.

My mother said Mariam was 18 months old before she would walk without holding on something. She was afraid or did not have confidence



in herself. Even when she got older she was always afraid of the dark, she would not go from one room to another alone. Of course we did not have electric lights then. We always set in the kitchen with a kerosene lamp in the middle of the table. We children set around it to get our lessons while my mother had the sewing machine to one side doing her sewing.

I well remember the first day I went to school. We did not live too far from the two room school house we went to school in. My first teacher was Angeline Salter, she is still living today and has lived in Sea Level all her life, a very nice woman. Children always had to walk to school in those days, rain or sunshine. The ones that lived the farthest would carry their lunch in a little round pail with a lid on it. I used to wish I could carry mine, but we lived so close Mama wanted us to come home to eat.

That day when we got home, something bad had happened. My Aunt Polly was married at that time and had two children of her own. The oldest, about the same age of sister Mariam, her name was Gertrude, the other was a boy about 10 or 12 months old. She lived quite a little distance from our house. She was doing her washing and it was cold, so she washed in the house. People then used can lye to boil their clothes in. She had set a can on the table after using some of it, not thinking the baby would climb up on the table. She went outside to put her clothes on the line. When she got back in the house he had climbed up and turned the can over, and got it in his mouth. They had to get a boat and take him to Morehead City to the hospital. His mouth was in such bad shape; when it started to heal it grew together - just a small place open enough to feed him. After he got a little older they had to operate, cut it on each side to make it normal size. He always had scars.

That made my first day of school a day to remember. Another thing was my first book I got that day. I can still see it in my mind. The first page had the alphabet in capital and small letters. That was the first thing we had to learn. Then we were taught how to read and spell and then numbers. Usually Sisie and I had the same minds

about everything - but I think I could learn arithmetic a little better than she could. At least she would let me get the problems worked and she would copy them.

I can remember when we were going to school. The water in the ditches along the side of the road stayed frozen all winter, and the boys would skate on the ice...

My mother and father never did believe in spending money for anything we could do without. Of course, there was not much money to spend, and no where to buy very many things.

We always had plenty, such as it was, to eat. Papa liked to hunt, so we had deer meat often. He had one or two hogs to kill in the winter. Of course, we had no way to keep it, only salt it. All the fat that we did not salt, was cut up to make lard. It was used in bread and to fry in, as there were no different kind of oils like they have today. Also Papa killed wild geese and ducks. He also worked on the water, so we had fish when ever we wanted them. If he could not get fresh ones, we always had a keg of salted spots or mullets in the winter. We always had plenty of sweet potatoes and collards. About all they had to buy was flour and most of the time he got that by the barrel, and the coffee. I remember that very well. The coffee bean was bought. It had to be parched on top of the stove in a pan with the stove not too hot, stirring it constantly. You could smell it out in the yard. Then the old coffee mill was got down each meal, to grind enough to boil, then all the family drank coffee, children and all. But when I was about 9 years, they started selling ground coffee to the store, so Mama bought some and started using it. That is when I stopped drinking coffee and have never tried it since. Neither did I give it to my children.

Well, when we didn't have coffee, we had yaupon tea. I remember the old chopping trough nailed up to the side of a tree. They used to chop up the yaupon in small pieces. That also had to be parched until it was brown. My grandmother had an oblong iron pot that set on top of the iron cook stove. Mama used it to parch the yaupon in. One night I remember she had fixed a pot full and set it off to cool. She set it on the back

porch, and it was so hot, when the wind got to it, it started to spark, caught on fire and burned up.

When Sisie and I were 7 years old, August 8 1917, we had another new baby in the house, this time a boy. They named him Robert. I remember the same midwife was with my mother that delivered me and Sisie. In those days boy babies wore little white dresses, same as girl babies did. When the baby was bathed and clean and white clothes put on . . . they always had a little bottle of whiskey and camphor mixed together, a little of that was splashed on top of the babies head. The midwife said it would keep the baby from catching cold. I don't know if it did or not, but I do know that was a good smelling baby.

Robert seemed to be a sickly baby, and by the time he was 6 month or a year old, he had asthma. My mother used to set up with him every night for a week or longer thinking he would die at times. He could not get his breath, the only thing she could get to help any was epetac. That would cause him to vomit the phlegm up. Sometimes she would have to pull it out of his throat with her fingers to get him cleared up. He finally quit having it after he got older.

I remember nearly everyone in the community called on my mother when any of the family was sick. They always thought she knew just what to do. We did not have doctors to call on, or drug stores to get medicine. Most everyone had their own remedies, they grew part of them. There was a bush they grew in the yard called cat-nip. It was boiled to make a tea. It was good for anyone having a fever. Also, I remember something they called comfrey root. When anyone had a bad cut, a piece of that root was washed and scraped, mixed with honey and put on the cut and a clean cloth wrapped around it. After about 6 days when it was unwrapped, it was all healed. There were a lot of those home remedies seemed to do just as well as some of the medicine they have today, but no one would dare to use them.

Another thing stands out in my memory, was one day Papa took me and Sisie with him to pick some fox grapes. He walked in the woods a lot,

as he liked to hunt. He had spotted a grape vine, and the grapes were getting ripe, this was in the fall - so we took a bucket and started walking. We always liked to go places with him, as long as his Babes, as he called us, were with him, we were happy. We soon came to the tree that the vine was running up on. It was too high to reach the grapes, so Papa told us to stand under the tree and he would climb up and shake the grapes off so we could pick them up. While he was up the tree, some cattle came through the woods and scared us.

He came down and he soon got the cattle to leave, so we filled the bucket and we went home. In those days most every family had a few cattle. There was no fence law so they let them run loose in the woods. About once or twice a year they were driven up and penned, to keep account of them. Everyone knew their own by the mark on the ears. They would mark the new calves while they had them in the pen, then they were let out again. There was plenty of green grass and buds in the woods to keep them fed.

The people that planted their fields always kept a fence around it, also a ditch cut around the field to keep it drained. It was just as important to keep the ditches cleaned out, as it was to plant. Papa had two fields to plant. My mother helped when she could, but me and Sisie were the main workers. Farming had to be done by hand in those days, only by the help of a horse or mule. We had a mule, and that thing was so slow and lazy. In the spring the fields had to be flat broken and harrowed, to get it in shape to plant, so me and Sisie worked day after day all day long plowing that old mule. We were only about 9 or 10 years old, but we were able to do most any kind of work. Besides helping in the fields, we helped to do house work. At night in the winter time we would set around the fire and sew quilt tops or pick the seed out of cotton to go in the quilts. My mother always believed in having plenty of quilts. We did not have heated houses then, only the room we sat in. The bedrooms were cold, but thank the Lord we had feather beds and plenty of quilts. Mama saved all the



feathers off the geese and ducks Papa killed and made the beds and pillows.

I remember the first time I started to sew on the sewing machine. Mama made the sheets and pillow cases out of unbleached muslin, so after she got them cut off, she let me and Sisie sew them up and put the hems in. I have been sewing ever since - I guess we were about 6 or 7 years old then. We also wanted to learn to crochet. That was one thing Mama had not tried to do. But there was a woman and her daughter that lived close to us. They were always crocheting pretty lace and table covers. Mama got us a needle and spool of thread a piece, so we went off to see Miss Etta and Lula. They were so kind to show us how to crochet and we soon learned. We always loved to do any kind of hand work. We could embroidery and I learned to tie tatten, but Sisie never did learn that. I don't think she tried hard enough. We learned to knit some, but I did not keep that in practice. I can see my mother now, how she used to knit socks. She would let us knit on the leg part once in awhile, but there was an art in putting the heel and toe in, so she would not trust us to do that.

I can remember the old spinning wheel. She used to spin the cotton, after it had been carded and made in small rolls. It was attached to the spindle with one hand and the wheel was turned with the other. The cotton came out to be a small cord, that was used to knit socks. Of course, sometimes they would use wool that was sheared from the sheep.

Not everyone raised sheep, and the wool had to be washed and dried to get the sand and dirt out of it. It was carded and spun the same as the cotton was. I still have the set of cards she used then. Me and Sisie learned to card the cotton bats to go in the quilts. People used to plant cotton around here as one of their main crops. When the children got old enough they had to help pick it out of the burs. Of course me and Sisie started very young.

We always helped in our fields, and when we got caught up, we would go to help pick in some of the other fields. They would pay us 1 cent a pound to pick. That was the first money we ever

made, as we did not get paid for working home. We did not expect it, we thought that was our duty. We did not get any allowance, as they do today. I remember the little tobacco bag we would put our money in. We saved every penny until we got enough to buy a piece of material to make us a dress. I think you could buy cotton print material then for 8 or 10 cents a yard. We were only about six or seven years old so it didn't take much to make a dress. My mother always made clothes for the whole family, even Papa's underwear. I remember the first nice dress we ever had, we had saved enough money to buy a piece of taffety. I think Mama sent by somebody that was going to New Bern to get it. It was navy blue. She made them, and Lula, the woman that showed us how to crochet - she also could embroider real pretty - so she took those dresses and embroidered a red design in the front of the waist. We really thought we were dressed.

I can see just how they looked, and how they were made. We only wore our best dress on Sunday, when we went to Sunday School. We didn't have but one at a time, one for the summer and one for the winter. Usually we had a middy blouse suit for the winter. It was made out of navy blue serge material. It had a pleated skirt, and a sailor collar with white braid - two rows stitched around the collar and red stars in each corner. They had to be pressed every week to be ready for the next Sunday.

I remember that Mondays was the wash day. A fire was put around the old iron pot, after it was filled up by pumping water from a hand pump in the back yard. Of course the clothes were rubbed by hand in a warm suds, made by cutting up some homemade soap in the pot of water, and stirring until it was melted . . . then dipped up in a wooden tub. I can see that old tub now, also the wooden water pail that we carried water in the house to use to cook with. After the clothes were washed and wrung by hand they were put in the pot that had been filled again with more soap or some can lye in it. After the clothes had been boiled they were taken up and rinsed in 2 or 3 clear waters and pinned on the

## Grayden Paul Reminisces About Boyhood Days in Davis Shore

**Grayden and Daphne Paul**

*Carteret County Heritage - North Carolina Vol. 1*

I am Grayden Paul, son of Lina and Luther Paul, of Davis Shore. Today is the 23rd. day of April, 1982, and I would like to recall this morning, some of my fondest memories of the things that happened in the early years, while I was a boy. The first of these is the time my father brought his family to Beaufort to the Carnival. The year was 1908.

At that time the family was composed of Mama and Papa, Iva and myself, Halsey, and Daphne who was about two years old. Papa had a

boat with a six H.P. Gray motor in it. He had heard a Carnival was going to be in Beaufort that week so he wanted to bring his family to see it.

Then we had to come through Straits, Cart Island Slough and Deep Creek to get to Beaufort. So we came on in and really had a fine time. I won't go into all the details of what we saw and did while we were in Beaufort. The heart of this story I want to tell you about is the experience we had on our way back home; but I do recall the trouble that Halsey and Iva and I had trying to keep up with Daphne, who was running around the streets trying to catch one of the pigeons that were flying around and walking all over the street. She was a lot more interested in catching a pigeon than she was in seeing the shows.

And I ought to at least tell you about one of the shows we saw. The one that impressed me most was . . .

### **Cowgirls from Old Cheyenne**

There was a large poster across the front of the Side Show with a picture of four cowgirls dressed up in fancy real short cowgirl suits, and large white hats. This was their drawing card, to get us into the show. After we got inside and the Show began, four girls, dressed just as they were on the poster, came out on the stage and did a fancy song and dance routine. "Cheyenne, Cheyenne, hop on your ponies. We'll all ride back home after the Ceremonies," etc.

After the girls finished their routine the curtains on the back of the stage were opened and there stood four of the cutest little white Shetland Ponies you ever saw. They were led to the front of the stage by an attendant; then while repeating the chorus to their song, the girls hopped on the ponies and pranced around a little, and the last line of the chorus went something like this: "Hop on your Ponies and we'll ride them back to Old Cheyenne."



*Grayden Paul ~ Carteret County Storyteller  
whose contribution to Down East history  
will never be forgotten.*



With this the girls waved and rode off the stage. After the Show I asked Papa, "Have those girls got to ride those ponies clear back to Cheyenne?" Well enough for that. We saw most of the shows and enjoyed everything fine and started back home. It was way after dark.

We got through Deep Creek all right and turned east on Cart Island Slough but we hadn't gone far before we stuck aground; and the boat got caught and Papa couldn't get her off; and he worked and he worked and the motor kept running, and finally the motor ran hot until it stopped. So then we thought we were in a scrape and would have to spend the whole night there; so we got overboard and waded and pushed and pulled on the boat until we got her out in deep water, and then he tried to get that motor started again; but it had been on that beach so long, it had pumped the water-pump full of sand; and so he tried to start her and couldn't do it, so he had to take the water-pump all to pieces and get all the sand out of it and then he started cranking her. He cranked and he cranked and he cranked until he had just about worn himself out completely, and finally Lina said, "Luther, you know that thing isn't going to start. We might as well crawl up here on these benches the best we can and try to get some sleep until morning."

Well I just couldn't think of sleeping on that hard bench I was sitting on, all night long; so I'll never forget that I uttered a prayer; the first prayer I ever made that was actually answered. After Papa was just about worn out to where he didn't have another ounce of energy let in him, and was sitting down on the bench trying to regain his breath, I said, "Oh Lord, if Papa can get the strength enough to turn that thing over one more time, please let her start."

Then Papa got up and grabbed hold of that wheel and turned her over and BANG! She started just as pretty as anything you have ever seen in this world; and we came right on through Cart Island Slough, Middle Marsh Channel, Straits, then out in Core Sound and safely back home to Davis Shore; and I'll never forget that experience; because I feel like it was my first real answer to prayer.

### The Sneak Boat

Papa was very ingenious in everything he did. He had to do everything a little different from anyone else. Everybody went fishing and crabbing and hunting, and Papa was the general repair man on Davis Shore. He ran a blacksmith shop and repair shop, and did everybody's work all over the place. Everybody came to him for anything that broke down, and he had to fix it for them. He was know as "The Fix It Man."

But anyway, he liked to go fishing, he liked to go hunting; he liked to do all the things the other men did, but he didn't have much time to do it during the day, so he did a lot of his at night; but he did rig up things for Halsey and me to go fishing in our own way; unique ways for catching crabs, flounders, sting rays and mullet; how to kill sharks and unique ways for going hunting. I haven't time to dwell on all of them.

And boys was he a hunter, too. He liked to hunt; but there again, he did it differently from anybody else. Now some of the favorite hunting there was -- we had plenty of geese, red-heads, brant and all kinds of ducks in that day and time; and people who had the time to go over there and bait them and sit in a blind all day long and wait for them to fly, they killed a lot of game, but Papa didn't have that kind of time.

On a calm day, these geese would raft up right in the middle of the Sound. They wouldn't even fly to your decoys, they wouldn't come to your blinds, and it was just an exasperating thing to see all that game, and yet you couldn't get close enough to shoot them.

So Luther decided he was going to fix a boat, a "Sneak Boat" he called it, so that he could sneak right up on those geese right in the middle of the day; and do you know he made a boat known as a "Sneak Boat."

It was about 14 ft. long, 7 ft. wide, with a depression in it just wide enough to fit a man's body; and he rigged it up with peddles which he worked from the inside; and you could lay right down in that thing until you couldn't even be seen and when that thing was floating along in the water it looked just exactly like a log, floating in the water; and you could paddle that thing

right along -- he rubber padded the paddles so that wouldn't make a bit of noise in this world when he was working them backward and forward; and you know he could sneak right down to a raft of geese, red-heads or brant, that were sitting right in the water out there in Core Sound.

So he out-smarted all the rest of the hunters on Davis Shore; and they were envious of his ability to get all the geese he wanted, with that "Sneak Boat" that he had made.

### **The Bear Hunt**

Papa was also a Bear hunter. He had heard a lot of people tell about going Bear hunting. Some of them had been hurt, some had been bitten, some they brought home alive, and everything else in the world; he had heard all sorts of tales, about Bear hunting on Davis Shore; especially around Hunting Quarters and over around the Point of Marsh. The local people called it "Pinty Marsh"; but it was a point of marsh that jutted out in the Neuse River towards Nelson's Bay. Anyway, the rumor got out that there was a great big bear living over on "Pinty Marsh"; which is north of Stacy and Sea Level, and going up through Nelson's Creek, up that way; So Papa and Walter Willis got together and decided they were going to go Bear hunting.

Well papa read a lot. He had read in books and stories about people here and there, and he knew how dangerous it was to hunt Bear with paper shelled shot-gun shells; because if they get damp they'll swell and stick in the gun. And sometimes even after you fire the gun, you can't get the shell out to reload it; so he knew that was a dangerous proposition; so he decided that he was going to MAKE some gun shells. Well by that time Papa had already started his Blacksmith Shop and he had a hand-turned lathe and all that sort of thing.

So Papa turned up some brass shells the same size of the 12 gauge shotgun shells, and fixed them so he could reload them himself, and loaded those shells with steel ball bearings; and he had them made just exactly right so that there was no way in the world that they could ever stick in the gun; so he made about four or five of

them, I don't know how many, and he and Walter got in their boat. This was a sharpie they went up there in, one that you could spend the night in; so they went up and they anchored her right along the edge of the shore, right up in "Pinty Marsh".

Walter said, "We'll stay here 'til morning. They say that Bear, -- just about every morning you can see him up these trees eating berries and things"; so they started cooking them something to eat before they went to bed. They fried some fat-back and ham and this that and the other, then after they had finished eating, they lay down to get some sleep until morning.

The cabin was just a little ol' place, not much of a place to sleep in, so they opened the hatch on the cabin door about 8 inches, so they could get a little air down there; then they lay back down and was going to get a little sleep and wait for morning; but Papa said, "Along about the middle of the night, 'torectly" he heard something go "co-boom!" on the deck of that boat. He said, "What in the world was that?" so then they kept listening and they could hear him coming -- that great big Bear. They could hear those big paws walking on the deck of that boat, so they knew it was a Bear.

So Papa whispered, "My Goodness! What in the world is he doing down here on this boat?"; and Walter whispered, "He smelled that fat-back we were cooking in here; he smelled it clear up there in them woods and has come down here to find out where that odor is coming from."

So they lay there scared to death, and "torectly" that ol' Bear he got right up on his hind legs and looked down through that hatch to see where that odor was coming from; and when they saw the Bear they were scared to death. Papa was so scared he couldn't find his gun; but they weren't half as scared as the Bear was, because he cut loose and ran and jumped off in that marsh and headed for the trees just as hard as he could go.

They got off the next morning to go look for that Bear, and they traced his footsteps to a Gum tree. He was up the tree eating his breakfast of those delicious berries. Gum trees have berries



on them that bears especially like.) They killed the Bear and skinned him right there, and took the hide home with them.

So that was the end of the Bear Hunt!

### **Ahead of His Time**

Papa was always ingenious. He was born 40 years too soon. He thought of things a long time before anybody else ever had them. He read a lot. We got a paper called the Thrice A Week World, which was the forerunner of the Wall Street Journal of today. News from all over the world was published in it, and he was an avid reader of that paper; so he knew what was going on. He had heard of moving-picture shows, he had heard about airplanes, and he had heard about this, and the other; but I want to tell you now, that if he got interested in a thing, he had a natural born showman made in him; and instinct for that. A lot of this happened before I was born.

### **The Weber Engine**

The year I was born (1899) Papa bought a Weber engine. This was a stationary engine with two balance wheels on each side. It ran on diesel fuel but you had to heat a plug red hot to ever get it started. It burned kerosene or naphtha instead of gasoline. This Weber engine was bought and first used, as a source of power for his Blacksmith Shop; but it's amazing the different things that engine was used for.

Then when he and his brother Ammie built that Sawmill over on the Davis Shore side of Jarrett Bay (about 1905) it was used in a Side-wheeler for hauling logs to his sawmill.

He took his father's old flat bottomed sharpie, took the mast out of her and sat that motor right down in her, ran a drive shaft right through both sides of her and made an old timey side-wheeler just like the side-wheeler passenger boats that ran up and down the Mississippi River; but it wasn't a very large one.

They would buy logs from people up in Hunting Quarters, Atlantic and Stacy, and up Smyrna Creek, then they had to cut them down and wrap them together and tow them to the sawmill. Well

they used this side-wheeler with the Weber engine to tow these logs to the sawmill.

### **The Moving Picture Show**

I'm not trying to get these things in chronological order. The fact of the matter is, there were always several things going on at the same time and all these things lay very heavy on the backroads of my memory.

Papa had already started a moving picture show on Davis Shore, and people from Beaufort, Morehead City and other parts of the County would go there to see this fabulous entertainment. By this time he had already turned the sawmill over to his brother Ammie, and was getting more interested in the picture show business. He knew he had something that was here to stay; and since not many people could get to Davis Shore to see his Show, he decided he would take the Show to them.

So he built a SHOW BOAT. He took this same sharpie with this same Weber engine in it, and built a cabin on the boat, and took his entertainment to all the communities on Core Sound. He started carrying the moving pictures to Harkers Island, Stacy, Smyrna, and on down to Atlantic, and we would put on the picture show in the different school houses around; so that side-wheeler sharpie was know as the SHOW BOAT. I know that must have been the first and only Show Boat ever operated in Core Sound.

He didn't only make the moving picture machine to show the pictures with, he made a Music Box with which to advertise his shows. First he made a great big wagon, in which we rolled the moving picture equipment from the boat to the school house or wherever we were going to have the show, then he attached the Music Box on the end of that thing, so that when we dragged this wagon along with the moving picture equipment in it, it would start playing, "Listen To The Mocking-bird"; so we had our Picture Show, the music, and everything.

But I can't spend too much time with that.

Continued on page 76.

## Miss Pearl's Corner-News from Davis Shore

A collection of Ms. Pearl Alligood's poetry and memories,  
Loaned to us from Fran Smith, Davis

### The (Davis) Quilting Party

*Aunt Dina had a quilting party  
But that was years ago;  
At least, that's what the poet said  
And I guess he ought to know.*

*The people came from far and near  
To join that great affair;  
They sang and played and quilted  
When they all gathered there.*

*So just a few short weeks ago  
Some women met together.  
And said "we'll have a quilting club  
Regardless of the weather."*

*We brought our needles, scraps and thread,  
They sewed from morn 'till eve,  
Our scraps were made in lovely quilts  
That no one could believe.*

*These quilts are needed for the homes  
When Jack Frost bites your toes;  
They keep us warm and comfortable  
When wrapped up to your nose.*

*This club's an asset to the town  
It makes our burdens light;  
It drives all troubles from our minds  
And makes our future bright.*

*We meet with Mary every time  
For she has lots of room;  
Her house is warm and sunny  
And she makes us feel at home.*



"Miss Pearl"

*She cooks our dinner every day  
And while we sit and eat;  
We think and talk about our quilts  
And how they warm our feet.,*

*Sometimes we have a party  
We all bring lots of gifts;  
And give them all to Mary  
For she deserves all this.*

*If you've never had a quilting club  
And you like lots of fun;  
Just go this very moment  
And organize you one.*

*By Pearl Alligood (Hooker)*



## Davis

*Davis, may it ever stand, along the wind swept shores.  
For to me it is a promised land with beauty, grace, and love.  
The seas have beat against it's shore, with fury like a blast,  
But none have daunted it one bit, long may it ever last.  
Fair maidens it produces, and fair ladies, too  
Tell me of a place more perfect, and I'll say it isn't true.  
I know you'll agree with this statement, that is written above,  
Of this place along the seashore, where reigns eternal love.*

*By Ira Leon Willis*

*Born January 8, 1926, twin, at Davis, N. C., died April 28, 1953 at Lenoir Memorial Hospital, Kinston, N. C. He was in the 8th grade at Smyrna School in 1940 when this was written.*

*Davis Club News*  
*(Home Demonstration Club) 1933*

In the little town of Davis  
A woman's club was organized  
By Miss Mason, our Home Agent  
As you all will recognize.

In the month of fresh October,  
In the year of thirty-three:  
At the home of Mrs. Davis  
Twenty-eight enrolled, you see.

I will name some of the leaders  
That were chosen there that day,  
Every one has been efficient  
And has served in every way.

Maggie Willis was elected  
To the highest office there;  
Madam President, they named her  
But each one her duties share.

Next we needed a Vice-President  
So we voted one and all;  
That we have Mrs. Polly Piner  
So this place to her did fall.

Then came Secretary and Treasurer  
No one else could fill this place;  
Quite as well as Matilda Davis  
She was smart and full of grace.

Then Miss Mason left the county  
So we did not meet again;  
"Till Miss Dry, our new Home Agent  
All our duties did explain.

Then we learned we needed leaders  
Such as clothing and relief;  
Recreation and beautification  
Farm and dairying, in brief.

Next it came to Education  
Which is needed everywhere;  
Quite as much as our own homes  
child Development and Care.

Markets, yes, we needed someone  
To tell when and what to buy;  
This has been quite beneficial  
With the help of Helen Dry.

I would like to name the leaders  
But it takes up space, you see;  
For we want to tell the progress  
That we've made since thirty-three.

Our club has been quite helpful  
As we meet from time to time;  
And our membership has increased  
And we now have fifty-nine.

We have raised a lot of money  
Giving parties, plays and games;  
Selling things, and making candy  
And many more that I could name.

We attend all of our meetings  
We are on the job, you see;  
We help all the poor and needy  
We're as active as can be.

And we all are found of socials  
Picnics? Ah! They make us smile.  
For it means a day of leisure  
From our work once in a while.

And we entered several contests  
On Achievement Day last fall;  
And we won first prize in singing  
But the singing wasn't all.

Let us all stay very busy  
And accomplish all we can,  
While Miss Dry is here to help  
With things we don't understand.

By - Pearl Alligood (Hooker)



## *"Down East" Republican Women's Club "Gossip"*

It's Monday, the day for the Club Meeting  
So Lois goes over to see  
If Retha is going to the Meeting  
"Oh, dear, I'd forgotten," says she.

"There are so many things to remember  
I simply can't think of them all  
And here is my whole week's ironing  
I'm, so tired now I'm ready to fall.

"But wait, and I soon will be ready,  
I'll wait 'till some other day  
To do all this pile of ironing,"  
So she puts her clothes away.

She simply can't miss the Club Meeting  
It's so much fun to go;  
She likes to see all the others  
And helps the Meeting grow.

While Lois and Retha are pondering  
And telling what they have to do,  
Vivian and Helen are wondering  
If they will be there on time, too.

Agatha and Emma are talking  
While the clock on the mantel strikes four  
"We must start cooking supper this minute,  
For we've never been late before.

"The Club will be out when we get there  
Let us get up and go to work  
We have a duty out yonder  
Which we two must never shirk."

"I must hurry, it's time for the Club Meeting,"  
Says Almata, while mounting the stair.  
"I must change my dress and get ready  
"For I must not fail to be there.

"There'll be Fran, and oh, how I love her  
And Rosa, I know, will be there  
I wouldn't miss the Club Meeting  
I must always do my share."

Let's listen to Eunice and Jackie  
They are on the job, you see,  
They help in everything we do  
I'm sure you will all agree.  
"Now, Mother," says Jackie, "You be there  
You have no children to feed;  
And don't be late for the Meeting  
It would be a shame, indeed."

Let's tune in on Effie and Merdie  
And hear what they have to say.  
We hear Effie talking to Merdie  
"Did you know this is Club Meeting day?

"I don't guess I would have remembered  
But I saw in the "News Times" last week  
That the Meeting would be at Davis  
And there will be plenty to eat.

"O my! how I love those Club Meetings  
The fellowship simply is great  
We have a long way to travel  
Let's hurry, or we will be late."

And who is that going to Callie's,  
The woman with the pretty white hair?  
O, yes, we see it is Theresa  
She hurries, as she goes over there.

She has thought about the Club Meeting  
O, Callie, it has just come to me  
That this is the day for the Club meeting  
And I had forgotten," says she.

"Do you think it's too late to get there?  
I'll hurry as fast as I can,  
Don't leave. O, please don't leave me."  
And back home again she ran.

The telephones, too, are quite busy  
There's Betty now talking to Sue  
Reminding her of the Club Meeting  
But Sue says that she already knew.

So the gossip goes all 'round the County  
It's the talk of each town, they say.  
Each member must always be present  
Wherever it's Club Meeting day.

There are Peggy, Jean and Deanna  
They attend every meeting, you see,  
And Sarah and Virginia are faithful  
Will all of us say, "So are we?"

If you are a "Good Republican"  
And you want a continual feast  
Just join the Republican Women's Club  
The one that we call, "THE DOWN EAST."

By Pearl Alligood Hooker

## *A Tribute to Our Boys Who Fought in World War II*

(Written for Memorial Service at Davis, Church upon the return of boys in the Service)

*Dear friends as we meet here together  
We see faces of those we adore,  
Who suffered the hardships of battle  
And dwelt long on some foreign shore.*

*Some have traveled the tropic regions  
Some have weathered the ice and snow.  
While others have soared among the clouds  
Or sailed on the waters below.*

*We've missed these dear ones since they left us  
As they labored and fought through the years.  
And many the nights that we sorrowed  
And watered our pillows with tears.*

*But God in his love and mercy  
Saw fit to remember our prayers.  
And brought each loved one home safely  
For we know how much Jesus cares.*

*There are Johnny and Milton and Clifton  
There are Cecil and Julian Ray:  
And Reg and Grady are with us  
They, too have been far away.*

*And God has seen fit to send Elvin  
And Archie home safely again.  
Now Ralph and Quintin and Everett (Murphy)  
Were kept from the war's bloody stain.*

*As we pay our tribute to our loved ones  
Who are thankful to be here today:  
Let us do not forget that somewhere  
There are still some loved ones away.*

*And many have given their sweet lives  
That we who are here might be free,  
From the awful curse of bondage  
How we cherish their memory!*

*Now that this cruel war is over  
And our boys have returned home again;  
We honor their presence more highly  
Than words could ever explain.*

*Peace can only come through Jesus  
So let's worship Him day after day;  
And pray that the peace that comes from Him  
May never pass away.*

*By Pearl Alligood (Hooker)*





## HOMAGE TO OUR DEAD

*At Davis Freewill Baptist Church - First Memorial Service) A ten year period.*

Dear friends, we have met here together  
To pay homage to those we hold dear.  
We see that their pews are not empty  
And not long ago they were here.

As we turn back the pages of history  
And glance through the records of time.  
We find that a host of our loved ones  
Have entered the regions sublime.

Some were just in the bloom of life's morning  
With faces so radiant and fair;  
While others were aged and weary  
And the crosses of life hard to bear.

But age makes no difference in Heaven  
The aged, as well as the young  
Have been needed to make up God's jewels  
Since time on earth had begun.

The first to be called from our number  
whose memory we hold very dear;  
Sadie Davis was one of our members  
And had been for a number of years.

She was a woman of forty  
Her sufferings were hard to bear;  
'Till one day she heard Jesus whisper.  
"There's no sorrow and death over there".

She put her trust in her Master.  
She left it all up to Him;  
Now she's resting and waiting to day  
When her Savior shall come back again.

Uncle Worden, a man full of power  
Walked with Jesus 'till the last weary mile  
He stood by his church, ever faithful  
And carried his cross with a smile.

But one day he said, "It is finished."  
His work on this earth was all done:  
The battle of life was all over  
And a beautiful crown he had won.

Soon Mattie was called from our number  
A woman who was loved by all.  
She carried a heart full of sunshine  
'Till one day she answered God's call.

"Come up higher," He whispered to Mattie,  
"There are loved ones now waiting for thee."  
And sweetly she answered the summons  
For her loved ones she wanted to see.

Uncle Sam was a faithful old soldier  
Who stood true to his church and his Lord.  
He fought against sin and the tempter,  
With the Gospel of Truth as his sword.

He wore the breast plate of righteousness.  
He carried the shield of Faith, too.  
He stood fully dressed in God's armor  
As any true soldier must do.

Uncle Willie, a man we loved dearly  
Was a teacher in our Sunday School.  
He told many souls about Jesus  
And he practiced the Golden Rule.

Our hearts were made and when he left us.  
When we lost him, we lost a great friend.  
He lived the life of a Christian;  
And was faithful and true to the end.

Aunt Mat was the next one to leave us.  
How we missed her when she went away!  
This church was the place where she worshipped,  
And her love for it grew day by day.

Not once in her life did she waver  
From her Savior so precious and true.  
Now her loved ones are striving to meet her  
When their pilgrimage here is through.

Katherine Hill was a girl in her twenties  
A girl whom her friends all adored  
When just a small child she repented,  
Confessed and accepted the Lord.

How fondly we cherish her memory!  
She was loving and kind to all.  
To know her, indeed was to love her,  
But she, too, swiftly answered God's call.

Uncle Kay, we all know was a builder  
His work was serving mankind;  
But while building great structures of beauty  
He never failed to let his light shine.

His hopes were all placed in that City  
That Jesus has gone to prepare.  
At last he lay down in sweet slumber  
Now he's waiting in peace over There.

But when God sent His angels from Glory  
And said, "There's a girl that I need.  
"Go to earth and bring Gladys back with you".  
Out hearts were made heavy indeed.

But Heaven is made so much sweeter  
Since Gladys has moved over there.  
Let us strive by the help of the Master  
To meet her in that City so fair.

Where no pain and no sickness can enter  
And where death never knocks at our door.  
There with our loved ones forever  
We'll be safe on that beautiful shore.

On the twenty-fifth day of last April  
In the still wee hours of the night,  
Uncle Edward's bright spirit was wafted  
From this earth to the Regions of Light.

# The Sailor's Baby.

Reprinted from the "Los Alamos (New Mexico) Newsbulletin"

*Bonnie Young's search for her roots uncovers a little-known aspect of World War II.*

The little green house is still there, although the clapboards are now worn and gray. The elegant old Coast Guard station looks much the same encircled by a picket fence. Shrubs, trees and clumps of tall grass obscure the once pristine vista of wind-swept sand dunes. Abandoned life-boats towed to the beach from sunken ships, have vanished. Blimps no longer circle overhead hunting for German U-boats. The merchant ships and tankers that once anchored in the harbor are gone.

This is Cape Lookout, the southern tip of a barrier island off the coast of North Carolina. Cape Lookout was home many years ago to the Royer family, father Willard, a Coast Guard chef; mother Katherine, a Lab retiree; brother "Butch" (real name George) of the Hazardous Materials Team; and sister Bonnie Young of Secretarial Resources. Cape Lookout was also a place where World War II touched American shores.

Bonnie Young was "born to the Cape" as Harkers Islanders say. She's been told she has the distinction of being the only "outsider's baby" (or possibly one of two) born on Cape Lookout. Last month Young paid a visit to the Cape, her first since leaving 50 years ago. She wanted to see the house in which she was born and learn more about the island where she and her family lived for two years during World War II; a place she could remember only from her mother's old photographs. Young went to gather information, but she ended up giving just as much, for her mother's photograph collection and memories provided a wealth of historical information about what life was like on the Cape during the war.



A Cape Lookout lighthouse has guided mariners through the treacherous waters south of Cape Hatteras since 1812. A small community of fishermen tried life on the Cape, but abandoned it for drier ground. A Coast Guard station was built in 1914 and staffed by a small contingent. But the time World War II broke out, the Cape's

other inhabitants were mostly summer people from nearby Harkers Island who lived in small cottages. Access to the Cape was by mail boat.

During World War II the waters off the east coast of the United States proved to be fertile hunting ground for German U-boats preying on merchant ships and oil tankers bound for Europe. This part of the war was referred to by some German captains as "the Atlantic turkey shoot," because the ships were

easy targets, often traveling unescorted. During the first six months of 1942, more than 70 ships were sunk off the North Carolina coast, about a dozen of them in the waters off Cape Lookout.

Bonnie's father Bill was posted to the Cape in October 1941 as cook for the small Coast Guard detail. His wife, Katherine, and their infant son Butch followed in February 1942 from Sturgeon Bay, Wis. Katherine had decided not to go to the Cape before her son's birth because of the lack of medical facilities. At the time the Royers first came to the Cape the population included the lighthouse keeper, the Coast Guard chief and his wife and several other Coast Guard personnel and their wives. They took up residence in the small summer cottages.

As the U-boat threat increased so did the Cape's population. In early 1942 several hundred Army troops arrived and set up a tent city. They also positioned two 3-inch guns and machine gun nests on the dunes.



Like wartime Los Alamos, the Cape Lookout inhabitants and those living on nearby Harkers Island carried identification passes. Unlike Los Alamos, visitors were allowed. Katherene's mother and sister were present the night Bonnie was born Dec 23, 1942. A young podiatrist from the Army installation assisted her grandmother and aunt, delivered Bonnie in the bedroom of the little green house. Katherene remembers the young podiatrist "was so nervous he was shaking."

Life on the Cape was rustic for a young mother with small children; no phone, no running water, no electricity and a scrub board for washing clothes. Blackout regulations were firmly followed. Shopping required a lengthy excursion by ferry to the mainland. But Katherene felt quite privileged; she had the only refrigerator outside the mess hall, as well as a stove, both kerosene-operated. She could listen to news reports by hooking a radio to a car battery. She remembers the luxury of having screened porches on both the front and rear of the little house. "The mosquitoes were terrible unless the wind was blowing," said Katherene. "At night I could hear the Army boys yelling; they were suffering so."

Katherene said she never noticed the loneliness, "maybe because I was so busy with two babies." And she admits being a little naive about the war that was going on right outside her door.

Katherene said she never worried that German sailors might sneak ashore at night. "After all, they were after the cargo ships, not a few people on the island. I do remember that Bill checked the house at night. It's hard to describe what it felt like on the Cape. It was a strange island, kind of like magic. I felt secure especially with the Army out right by the reef."

Some of the Harkers Islanders didn't feel quite so secure. On her recent visit back to her birthplace, Bonnie met a woman who as a child lived on Harkers Island. The woman remembers looking out her second-story window and seeing the smoke from burning tankers off the Cape and feeling afraid.

Besides being mother to two young children, Katherene played the role of roving photographer. Her camera caught some unusual things. One day it was a mine that had washed ashore. "That was a big event! It was towed out to sea and blown up."

She also took photos of the wild horses that roamed from island to island at low tide. In her album she has labeled a photo "horses somewhere." If you look closely you can see some little specks--those are the horses. You can also see a convoy of ships in the background. Katherene's camera caught one tanker on fire; it may be the one that burned for three weeks.

Visible from Katherene's porch were the blimps that circled in the air, searching for U-boats; she snapped a photo of one. She remembers one sub getting through the submarine net at the entrance to the harbor--it followed a ship inside the reef--and hearing the gunfire as it was sunk.

Katherene also remembers a mysterious French ship being sunk and debris washing ashore: tams, tins of food, clothing, children's presents. The French ship isn't mentioned in any books that Bonnie has read about that part of the war, but her mother insists it was French. Katherene also remembers a British ship being torpedoed and bodies washing ashore.

There was nothing secretive about Katherene's photo-taking and she had the pictures developed on the mainland, but she remembers one Coast Guard officer looking at the photos and admonishing her. "Katherene! You're not supposed to take pictures of those," referring to the convoys.

The Royers were the only family on the Cape with children. "Butch and Bonnie's playmates were our chickens," laughs Katherene. There's a photo in the album to prove it.

During her trip back last month, Bonnie met the woman who gave her the nickname "the sailor's baby." Madge Guthrie was a 12-year old living on Harkers Island when Bonnie was born. She heard lots of talk in town about the "sailor's baby" and couldn't wait to see it. There must be something was unusual about the baby, she told

Bonnie, because the townspeople talked about it so much. Madge told Bonnie she felt let down and disappointed when she finally saw the topic of conversation because it was just an ordinary baby.

Bonnie was kept busy during her two-day visit to the island and the Cape. Word spread quickly that the "sailor's baby" had returned and many people wanted to talk with her. She had her mother's photographs with her and showed them to islanders and staff of the National Park Service.

Laurie Heupel of the National Park Service on Harkers Island said the photos were incredible. "They opened up a new avenue of history for me. I knew the lighthouse always had a keeper who lived on the Cape, but we tend to forget there was a small community living out there during the war," said Heupel. The Park Service would like copies of Katherene's photos for its archives on Harkers island.

A photo that particularly intrigued Heupel was the one of Bonnie and Butch playing in the snow. "Snow just never happens here, it's very rare. And when it does happen, the world stops," Heupel said. Katherene remembers the day it snowed. "I woke the children up early that morning so they could play in it. It lasted about two hours and then was gone."

The Royer family left the Cape in 1944. By the time they settled in Los Alamos in 1955, four more daughters had been born. Bill got a job as a cook at the Los Alamos Medical Center; he worked there until his retirement in 1969. Katherene joined the Lab and worked in the records Center for 19 years; she retired in 1979. Bonnie and Butch stayed in town, as did their sister, Linda, who is a nurse at the medical center. Vicki moved to Albuquerque, Mary Beth to Richland, Wash., and Barbara to Moriarity.

Summer people still inhabit some of the little houses, including the one in which the sailor's baby was born; they lease them from the National Park Service. After the leases expire early in the next century, the buildings will revert to the Park Service. What happens then is undecided. The lighthouse still operates 24 hours a

day. The Coast Guard station, closed in 1982, houses a Maritime Museum and is used for educational programs. The Cape is available to day trekkers and overnight campers who ferry over from the mainland or Harkers Island.

Katherene remembers her years on the Cape fondly. "It was like taking a vacation to the beach, only the vacation lasted two years!" Butch and Bonnie don't remember much, being so young when they lived there. But each has one memory. Butch remembers "Whitey," the Coast Guard officer who lived next door, and Bonnie remembers that the little house was green.

Bonnie plans to return to the Cape with copies of her mother's photographs for the National Park Service and the Decoy Museum on Harkers Island. Butch says his sister's adventure has peaked his interest and he'd like to visit his old home soon. Katherene is content to be an "arm-chair traveler," as her daughter calls her. "I watched the video Bonnie took in May," Katherene said. "It made me cry."

---Meredith Coonley



*"Bonnie and Mom ~ Cape Lookout"*

Photo ~ Katherene Royer/Bonnie Royer-Young Collection

## "In Search of the Magic"

**Madge Guthrie**

Bonnie Royer Young, born at Cape Lookout in 1942, returned in May of '94. Her mother, Katherine Royer caught the magic of Sea and Sounds "in spite of" war time, rustic living conditions and other hardships and with the help of fond memories and many photos, never let it go. With the adjusting to civilian life, raising a family and finally settling down in New Mexico, Mrs. Royer never got to return but passed the yearning on to Bonnie. Bonnie returned to Harkers Island and visited with folks who remembered her as the "sailors baby," she was only here for a couple of days but I do believe she found-the-magic, she visited Cape Lookout and the house where she was born, listened to folks "tell-tales" and breathed deep the salt air at Cape Point, rode the long span of beach that greets the vast ocean and realized she belonged. We became fast friends and I look impatiently for her return visits - there's already been enough phone calls to pay her fare!!! Wouldn't be a bit surprised if more of the Royer family returned including "mom."

For myself, going to the Cape was as much a part of "growing-up summers" as May-June-July and August but for 29 years I hadn't had (or taken) the privilege of going back. Then in July of this year a special friend offered me the opportunity to go and "stay awhile." This was an invitation I could not refuse in light of rules and regulations our illustrious Park Service is gradually enforcing. So, I loaded my supplies and in face of a late afternoon light "Sou-wester" we skirted shoals and followed slews for an almost straight line to the shores of Cape Lookout Bight. Once on shore, I was taken for a buggy ride through tall pines, cedars and other shrubs which completely disoriented me - after all, on my last time over there was open wind swept 'spances with only a few shrubs and animal-mowed grasses, in other words it was "awesome" - now it was woods closed-in and hot - but - the

magic was there!! Not the same as the child and teenager knew but I felt it beginning as night began to fall and the ocean breeze filtered through the trees. We went over on the south beach at Breakwater Point and watched the sun set to a chorus of shore birds and pounding surf - talk about a symphony!! W. Phillip Keller wrote in his book "Sea Edge": "A great part of the pure pleasure derived from the sea edge is the loveliness of its sounds. For those not attuned to its music, unaccustomed to its rhythms, there may appear at first a restlessness to its beat upon the beach. But with further acquaintance and increasing intimacy the beach lover comes to know every nuance of the ocean sound, to enjoy the variations of its voice, to respond to the stimulus of it's song." Read the book. Its like an inspirational trip to the ocean.

The colors of sea and sky were breath taking corals, orange, azure blue and the clouds became cotton candy pink. Just as the sun dipped "good-day" we turned and traveled toward Cape Point, the sand dunes that once swept down to the beach are now cut like cliffs by erosion and continue to form their own beauty - not a whole lot egotistical men can do with mother nature. The tide ebbd and in the fading light millions of bits of shell and wet sand glistened, beautiful pools of sea water rippled in the shallows left by the receding sea. Small sea birds ran and swooped near us along the beach. The "cotton candy" sky was now shifting to deep hues of blue and purple and as we came to Cape Point the crest of the waves picked-up the colors and crashed with loud applause as they came together over the shoals. We sat for awhile and watched natures display and I thought upon how terrible those shoals that extend so far into the ocean must have been in years past to seafarers trying to make it around without any aids to navigation, only their own skills and experience and of the men who went from this very beach in nothing more than a row-boat to save their fellow men who crashed upon



those shoals. These were great-grandparents of ours and I couldn't help but wonder if there are any heroes' like these still around. Now we make our way back toward the Lighthouse in the most peaceful, clear, refreshing atmosphere I have been privileged to experience in a long time. The sky is brilliant with the billions of stars that seem to almost obliterate the darkness. (Seems that street lights, house lights, etc... have almost destroyed a view of the Milky-Way on the main land.)

Then as we stand beneath the Lighthouse light and look up I'm completely awe-struck, for once I can't say anything. Those huge beams swing out and seem to sway and swoop over and around us and the only way I know to describe it is like gossamer angel wings. The light is different from any other I've noticed. We wind our

way back to the cottage where night has enveloped everything and a soft lamp light provides friendly shadows in the rooms. I settle down on my cool bed by an open window where I can watch the stars, feel the whispering breeze, hear the muffled roll of the ocean and a distant whip-poorwill who blends his voice with that of crickets and other night birds. I wonder if this could be the very room where the "sailors baby" first tasted life some fifty years ago - if so, maybe it wasn't so hard after all!! I can understand tonight why a certain lovely lady would say, "It was still the best time of our life!" As for the present moment, all is peace and I can't worry or fret even if I try. Yes indeed! The magic is still here as I drift into sleep to wake on a wonderful glorious Cape Lookout daybreak.



Photo ~ Katherine Royer/Bonnie Royer-Young Collection

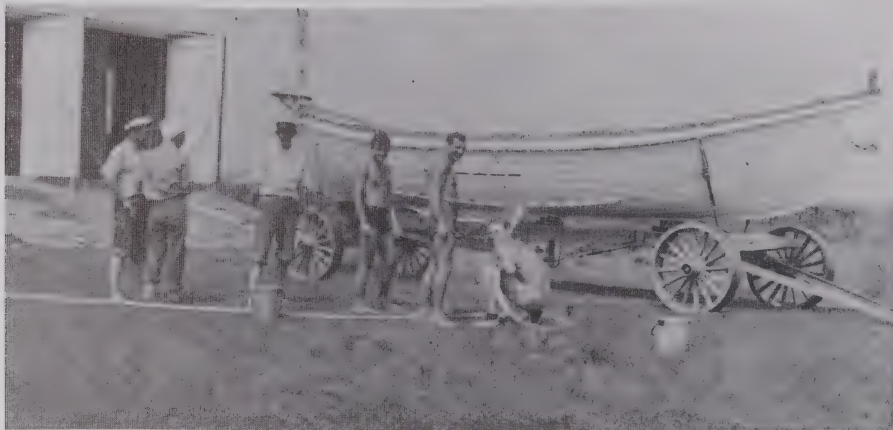
*"Odell's House" ~ located next door to the Coast Guard Station at Cape Lookout, moved in 1942.*

*This is the house where Bonnie L. Royer-Young was born, December 23, 1942.*

*This house is now Clark and Mary Sue Davis' "home-away-from-home."*

## The Sailor's Scrapbook

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*"Coast Guard Station" ~ Cape Lookout, 1942. (Note: Odell Guthrie standing behind the bucket.)*



*"Mom and Dad"  
Harkers Island 1942*

Photos ~ Katherine Royer/  
Bonnie Royer-Young Collection

## Cape Lookout --- Early 1940's

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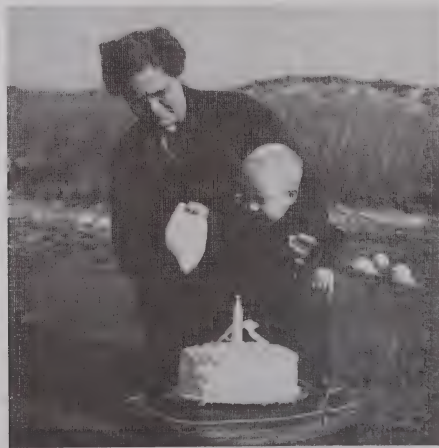
*"Mr. Chesson's Hat" ~ Mr. Chesson and Butch.  
Cape Lookout, September 1942*



*"Bonnie and Butch" ~ Cape Lookout, 1942*



*"Snow at Cape Lookout" ~ 1942*



*"First Birthday Party with Mrs. Chesson"  
Mrs. Chesson and Butch, October 29, 1942*



## Island Scrapbook



*Harkers Island Post Office  
(Coast Guard Bill Royer  
and friend (unidentified).  
Does anyone recognize the  
crowd on the porch?)*



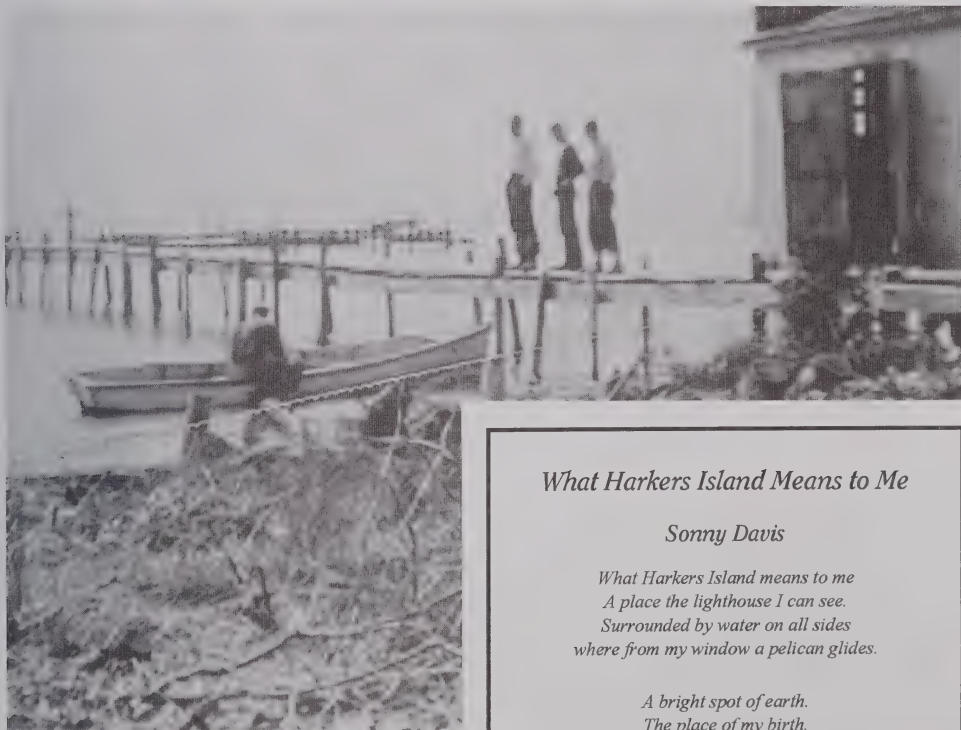
*"The Island Theatre" 1942  
Originally built as the Odd  
Fellows Lodge in the early  
1900's. This building is still  
standing and in need of  
restoration.*



*Kelly Willis  
Homeplace, Harkers  
Island. Capt. Kelly  
was the Captain of  
the "Pet," the last  
mailboat to run from  
Harkers Island.*

Photos ~ Katherine Royer/  
Bonnie Royer-Young  
Collection

## Early 1940's



*"Mailboat Landing/Henry Davis Fish House Dock"  
Now Clayton Fulcher's, near Island Fishing Center.*

Photo ~ Katherine Royer/Bonnie Royer-  
Young Collection

### *What Harkers Island Means to Me*

*Sonny Davis*

*What Harkers Island means to me  
A place the lighthouse I can see.  
Surrounded by water on all sides  
where from my window a pelican glides.*

*A bright spot of earth.  
The place of my birth.  
Twisted oaks and my kinfolks.*

*Laughing gulls  
Mournful loons,  
Hit my ears,  
Like lovely tunes.*

*Fishing boats in the night,  
Whose motors hum 'til morning light.  
Sounds like a melody to me this lovely  
life here by the sea.*

*I love you Harkers Island.  
You're always in my heart.  
No matter where I wonder,  
We'll never be apart.*

Cap'n Jim, continued from page 7.

which indicated that they did not let their cows roam free and graze as did the Bankers, but kept them fenced in and fed them only hay and grain. She said that they also purchased 13 more Holsteins. However, a few years later 13 of the cows had to be killed because they had developed tuberculosis. This ended the dairy farm operation, and the Duplanty family moved to Morehead City. The time frame is hard to obtain from her writings, but we know that her father purchased a place in the Abonita subdivision just east of the Hoffman farm in 1922 and sold it to Mrs. Hoffman in 1927. This gives us a probable time span of about 5 years in the mid-twenties for the dairy farm.

Mrs. Hoffman apparently always kept at least one cow even after the failure of the dairy operation. However, they were always fenced in. After the 1923 Judgement, the cattle of the Bankers were restricted to the Banks to the west'ard of the Salter Path, and never again roamed their beloved Bald Banks.

In the mid 1920s tick fever showed up in the animals of Bogue Banks and dipping of each animal to kill the ticks was required. This event sounded the death knell for livestock grazing on Bogue Banks, and by 1930 most of them had been removed from the Banks. The Banker ponies were taken away, and only a few individual cows, hogs, mules, and horses remained at Salter

Path, Mrs. Hoffman's, and Atlantic Beach. The days of grazing free on Bogue Banks were over.

In 1953 Mrs. Hoffman died and her remaining cattle were removed. This left only "Peggy," the Eugene Willis family cow, who had been raised by them to the Salter Path since she was a calf and was a grown cow by the mid-1950s (Mrs. Eugene Willis, personal communication). I can remember her grazing on the side of a hill in Salter Path in the fifties. Then in the late 1950s she was also removed. With her departure there were no longer any cattle left on Bogue Banks. Peggy was the last cow on the Banks, and when she left, the great era of livestock raising and grazing on Bogue Banks drew to a close. Then with the removal of Cecelia Young's surviving goat and pony in the 1980s, the last of the grazing livestock on Bogue Banks were gone. An Age had passed.

I had thought for years that I had been woke up that morning so long ago by the last cow on the Banks, until I talked with Mrs. Willis in March of 1994 and found out that the cow that woke me up was actually the next to the last cow on the Banks and that Peggy was the very last cow. Nevertheless, I can still truly say that I feel very privileged to have been awakened early one morning in the spring of 1949 by the next to the last cow on Bogue Banks.



*U.S. Coast Guard Station  
Salter Path ~ 1944 - 45*



**Homage, continued from page 32.**

Not a man in our church was more faithful.  
His works will live on through the years.  
As we look all around we can see them.  
And his leaving us moves us to tears.

His hands help to build the foundation  
Upon which this church was laid.  
His labors have been without ceasing.  
What a wonderful record he's made!

We all lost a friend and a brother  
When Clem was taken away;  
His life was a testimony  
'Till he came to the end of the way

While dying he delivered a message  
His wife was beside him to hear,  
"I now have that Blessed Assurance,  
And Jesus, my Savior, stands near".

(End of first memorial. Eight had died.)

Aunt Lou was well in her nineties  
When God came and took her away;  
But her previous memories are with us  
As we meet here together today.

Aunt Sal was a sainted old mother  
She was faithful and true every day  
She constantly read her Bible  
And she never forgot how to pray.

Her years spent on earth were many.  
What a happy and fruitful life!  
For one who stood true to her Savior  
Amid all the world's toil and strife.

The next one to take his departure  
A friend and a brother so true;  
Herbert Davis soon answered God's summons  
And he bade this old world adieu.

Aunt Ada may God bless her memory!  
She carried a heart filled with love  
'Till God saw it fitting to take her  
To her beautiful mansion above.

"You are weary," God said to Aunt Ada  
"Now your labors and trials are o're"  
"I am ready to take you to Heaven"  
"You'll be safe on that beautiful shore."

Many hearts were laden with sorrow  
When Jesus took Hardie to rest;  
For he was indeed a loved one  
But he's now joined the ranks of the best.

We all felt a loss when he left us  
His leaving us brought us much pain  
But he's waiting his consummation  
When Jesus will come back again.

Anson Davis was one of our members  
Though for years he had lived away  
But there are a host of his loved ones  
Who are paying him homage today.

Uncle Allen as everyone knew him  
Was faithful to God each day.  
He waited the coming of Jesus  
'Till the day he was taken away.

One Sabbath day while at worship  
In this church that he cherished so true,  
God called him to dwell forever  
In a mansion beyond the "Bright Blue."

We know he is resting in Jesus  
For somewhere in the Bible we're told  
That we who are true will inherit  
A land where we'll never grow old.

We missed Aunt Adeline when she left us  
Her passing brought sadness and gloom,  
For little we knew that the summons  
would come to our loved one so soon.

Her desire was to always be faithful  
And win a mansion up there.  
And today she is waiting in Glory  
All the blessings of Heaven to share.

With steps that grew tired and weary  
And a body that suffered much pain;  
Dear Addie was called home to Heaven  
Where she'll never have to suffer again.

Her voice that has sung through the ages  
Must be singing in Heaven today  
With those who have gone on before her  
Who walked in the straight narrow way.

Speaking of friends and loved ones  
Whose memory we cherish today;  
Our hearts were made heavy with sorrow  
When Albert was taken away.

But one day he said, "it is finished.  
My labors on earth are all done.  
"I must fold my tent and move upward  
To the land of the "unsetting Sun."

Dear Burk was the next to meet Jesus  
A friend to both young and old.  
The sadness we felt when he left us  
I'm sure can never be told.

"You are needed in Heaven," God whispered,  
"A place by the "Crystal Sea,"  
Is ready today for your coming."  
So he sailed for Eternity.

Though strange it may seem that he's left us  
There's no sickness, no sorrow, no sigh  
Are felt in the Land where he's dwelling  
In the land of the "Sweet Bye and Bye."

(End of second memorial service.)

*Loving Tribute to Libbie Pond*  
(Written for her Sunday School Class)

In honor of one we love dearly  
Our teacher so kind and so true;  
This party tonight we are giving  
In honor, dear Libby, of you.

We do this to show that we love you  
And fondly we cherish your place,  
In our Sunday School as our teacher  
With a pleasant smile on your face.

Oh, how we look forward to Sunday!  
That you may our lessons explain;  
Deep down in our hearts there are feelings  
Of love, that will always remain.

So tonight we are very happy  
And we want you, dear Libby, to know  
That we have come to honor you  
And our blessings upon you bestow.

As we leave to go back to our duties  
We'd like to strow flowers your way,  
And which you a life filled with sunshine  
And a sky that will never turn gray.

In closing this little message  
And before it grows too late;  
Let us give three cheers for our teacher  
The best in the county and state.

---

*In Loving Memory of Ray Murphy*  
Written for his mother, Eugenia Murphy

While the war clouds are hanging heavy  
Over European soil today;  
My mind goes back just twenty years  
When my boy was called away.

He left our home in September  
And bidding us all good-bye;  
He answered the call of his country  
The call that said "You must die".

My heart was laden with sorrow  
As I kissed my dear son farewell;  
The heartaches I felt as he left me  
Were greater than words can tell.

"Be brave, my dear boy," I then whispered,  
"I'll be waiting to see you again."  
But little I knew as we parted  
That I would be waiting in vain.

On the third of October, a message  
Was delivered to me on that day;  
It said that the boy I loved dearly  
From me, had been taken away.

I shall never forget that sad moment  
When the messenger said, "Ray is dead";  
Only God in His infinite wisdom  
Can tell all the tears I have shed.

He was stricken with influenza  
then double pneumonia set in;  
He suffered an untold misery  
And he never got well again.

At last they sent me his body  
But only his form could I claim;  
The voice that I cherished so dearly  
Would never be heard again.

He is living today with his Savior  
whom he loved and worshipped so true;  
And he's waiting today to greet me  
When my journey in life is through.

O! War is a horrible nightmare  
Let us pray for peace day after day;  
lest the ones we all love sincerely  
Will forever be taken away.

*Written by Pearl Alligood (Hooker)*

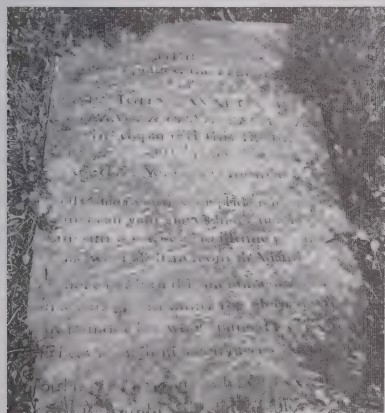
## Lost Shell Castle Island

**Billie Jean C. Huling**

*Photographs by Frances A. Eubanks*

All that remains of that segment of history concerned with lightering from Shell Castle Island are clumps of rocks and bleached oyster shells. Six great flapping brown pelicans glide over the relics as they are drawn magnetically to a lost home and perhaps a former rookery. Governor Wallace lies sleeping in his grave on Portsmouth Island under a marker which tells prophetically:

"Mourn Shell Castle, Mourn, They Pride Is in the Dust."



What would he think if at high tide he saw only swirls where his warehouses once stood? Once prominent in commerce, alive with ships lightering and shipping, but now claimed by the seas and storms, Shell Castle is buried and sinking below, chained to its past. Shell Castle has fallen away, piecemeal, into the mighty waters offshore from Ocracoke.

Today, both Portsmouth island and the remnants of Shell Castle Island lie within the domain of the Cape Lookout National Seashore. Both figured prominently in the history of commerce of the young country and both were closely aligned during the period of their greatest activity. There

are no inhabitants at Portsmouth, but the town of Portsmouth is carefully preserved by the National Park Service.

The intention of an Act of the Colonial Assembly in 1753 was to ensure that a town be laid out on Core Banks near Ocracoke Inlet in Carteret County.

The establishment of a town was intended to encourage the building of "warehouses and other conveniences . . . for the reception and safekeeping of commodities." It was intended that the warehouses would afford control over illegal trading and pirating. At that time lightering over unstable inlet waters was a lengthy and costly process. Changes in the shifting of channels brought about the establishment of the town of Portsmouth and ultimately commercial activities on Shell Castle Island.

There is evidence that in 1734 a pilot was appointed for lightering, a practice that was necessary since at Ocracoke (often referred to as "Ocracock" or "Occacock" on old navigational maps) there was only a depth of 16 feet at high tide. In some areas only eight or nine feet of water was noted where the swath or loose sand often shifted. No vessel could pass through such waters until the ship's crew discharged some of the cargo, and returned half-loaded, sending the rest of the cargo in lighters, sloops, or piraguas.

Lightering was a vital part of commerce in the young country, so that products could be transported into the interior through rivers and sounds and more importantly, that the products of the interior could be exported. Products such as flax, turpentine, lumber, shingles, cured pork and dried beef, produced in the interior found a ready market elsewhere.

To encourage the settlement of Portsmouth Island, whose inhabitants would furnish assistance to commercial vessels, lots could be acquired by anyone willing to reside in the town of Portsmouth by the payment of 20 shillings, re-



quiring only that they build a "substantial habitable framed brick house or good substantial warehouse, of not less dimension than twenty feet in length and sixteen feet wide." Failure to meet these specifications within eighteen months would result in default of the agreement.

Homes and warehouses were built, and the town of Portsmouth began to assume its intended position in North Carolina commercial activities.

As time passed, storms and shifting channels began to change the course of history, and Shell Castle Island became an important site of commercial activity. At the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries, for approximately twenty years, Shell Castle Island was an important port of call on the east coast. This tiny, narrow island was composed of sand and oyster shells. It was located inside the inlet to the west of Portsmouth Island, and its success was due to the sweeping changes that had occurred to channels and inlets. John "Governor" Wallace of Portsmouth Island and John Grey Blount of Washington, N.C. (often called "Little Washington") operated their lightering venture from Shell Castle Island. For almost 20 years, Shell Castle was the hub that Portsmouth was unable to assume because of the shallow waters surrounding it, and Shell Castle offered support and manpower for the lightering operation there. Many of its employees were residents of Portsmouth.

A land grant of 1789 conveyed to John Wallace and John Grey Blount five separate parcels which comprised a total of 150 acres. Shell Castle Island was included in this land grant. Some of the islands conveyed were connected at one time, but later became separate due to the effects of storms and the ebb and flow of tides.

According to Surveyor Jonathan Price's description of Ocracoke Inlet, John Wallace resided at "the castle" in his own dwelling house. He stated that the out-houses were "commodious;" that there were "warehouses, a lumber yard and wharf, along side of which a number of vessels were constantly riding." The John Grey Blount papers distinguish between the "Castle" and the "Castle Store;" however, Surveyor Jonathan Price

described only warehouses at Shell Castle. It is possible the warehouses and the "Castle" became one and the same as Wallace continually extended the east end of the warehouses.

Local inhabitants, familiar with the infamous, fierce winds which could wreak havoc with ships, and who were familiar with the special problems of lightering, were in demand as pilots at Shell Castle.

The census of 1800 indicated that there was a free white population of 165, with 25 heads of families, and 98 slaves.

In 1810, John Grey Blount and John Wallace, who was still living on Shell Castle, corresponded concerning the division of their jointly-owned properties. No record was found concerning what arrangements, if any, were made. Tax records would indicate, however, that large portions of their holdings had been sold before their deaths.

During the years, Shell Castle Island had been maintained by hauling in oyster shells and rock, but with Wallace's death, and the gradual shoaling up of Wallace's Channel, Shell Castle became more and more useless to commerce.

Research tells us that a devastating hurricane in 1933 destroyed almost all the resources that were left on Shell Castle Island, and today oyster shells and a few rocks are all that can be seen at low tide.

A photograph of a pitcher belonging to John Grey Blount shows clearly the lay-out of facilities on Shell Castle Island. (John Grey Blount Collection, N. C. Dept. of Archives and History, Raleigh, N. C. ) This photograph probably indicates the most accurate location of facilities for lightering from this fragile island. The photograph fuels the imagination with images of a prosperous island and reminds us of the importance Shell Castle Island played in the early history of our country.

NOTE: A highway system connects Carteret County with metropolitan areas throughout the eastern United States. I-95, which passes within 100 miles connects via U.S. 70 to Beaufort, a historic restored fishing village. The intracoastal waterway also passes near Beaufort enabling

tourists to arrive by boat. All access to the park itself is by toll ferry or private boat. There are no roads or bridges to the islands. Ferry service is available from Harkers Island, Davis, Atlantic, and Ocracoke. Ocracoke is the nearest point of entry to Portsmouth Island. Some ferries are equipped to transport 4-wheel drive vehicles. For current ferry schedules and toll information, visitors should contact the Cape Lookout headquarters or the Ocracoke Visitor Center.

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*Shell Castle - near Portsmouth Island and Ocracoke Inlet*

**Mounted Scouts, continued from page 18.**

nized far and wide and was a major tourist attraction. The scouts again rode out to Hatteras Inlet until they passed the last gang of wild horses and chased them to the pens. Being wild and wary, the ponies were much easier to control than cows.

"Pony penning was much more fun," David says. The scouts liked the contact with people from all over the country and also enjoyed the attention. It gave the boys a chance to display their considerable horse riding skills, which in turn delighted the visitors. After all, it's not every day you can watch blond haired, freckle-faced cowboys in an idyllic ocean setting round up nearly 200 horses.

The wild banker ponies always stayed well ahead of the scouts during the round up, and stayed close together to the dominant stallions. Once at the pony pens, large wings were opened up from the corral and the ponies were driven in to the cheers of onlookers. It was quite a rush for an Ocracoke youngster to get applause from strangers.

The most celebrated opportunity to display their horsemanship before large crowds of visitors was the annual Pirates Jamboree. The weekend long affair was held on Hatteras Island, initially at the lighthouse but thereafter at the ball diamond in Hatteras Village, which was the old site of Billy Mitchell's airstrip near the Atlantic View Motel.

The Pirates Jamboree was an important Outer Banks social event. It attracted now only scores of vacationers but also most everybody from Chicamacomico to Ocracoke. This event featured the "world's largest fish fry" (free of charge), souped-up beach buggy races, and other interesting, island-flavored exhibitions. The pony racing and skill shows, however, were the highlight of the weekend and the obvious crowd favorite.

"We took the ponies up, on the beach all the way, we didn't have a road," says Rudy Austin, yet another of Ocracoke's original mounted scouts. Once at Hatteras Inlet, Frazier Peele was waiting to shuttle all eighteen of the scouts and their mounts across on his private ferry. At Bux-

ton, the boys camped in the lee of the hill at the cabin of Ben Dixon MacNeill, who took a liking to the scouts and wrote of them in his book, "The Hatterasman."

The Pirates Jamboree was a whole bunch of fun for all of us there the same age," says Rudy. "Dale Burrus from Hatteras, Mac Midgett from Rodanthe, boys from Kinnakeet and Trent, we all got along real well and still do." On Hatteras Island there were no longer any wild ponies, so being able to watch and learn as the Ocracoke boys raced and pitted their skills against each other was an education for the boys from Cape Hatteras. The icing on the cake, though, was being courteously allowed to ride the ponies of their neighbors to the south.

"I had two horses while I was in the scouts," adds Rudy. "Diablo was the first, he had a star on his forehead. He was smart--wild--but we respected each other. He never really gave me too much trouble."

"Blaze was my second. He had a full white face, sandy colored. A disease we called the blind staggers got both of them. The staggers was like sleeping sickness. I think it had something to do with mosquitoes. They just seemed drunk until it got so bad they'd die. Nobody could figure it out.

"It never seemed to get the tame horses," Rudy recalls. "But it got two of the best friends I ever had."

Boy Scout Troop 290 of Ocracoke was disbanded in 1959, the year the first paved road came to Ocracoke. With the advent of automobile traffic, the Ocracoke ponies could no longer roam free. Most yards in the village were not big enough to fence in and keep a pony, so Sam Jones bought the entire herd from the owners and donated the ponies to the Park Service, which constructed a large pen to keep the ponies from harm.



"Coast Watch," continued from page 12.

drank last and least; many died. Only a few gained the strength and rank to challenge a harem master for his herd, or earned a place on the East End.

Between these regions lies a third, where Rubenstein found both the vegetation and the pattern of equine society in transition. Two herds shared the area, and their habits were like those of the wild mustangs in the Grand Canyon. Their ranges overlapped; they took turns at central watering holes.

"Growing up in animal societies is not an easy task," Rubenstein writes. It is a stark understatement, measured against the sun-bleached bones of a horse that died because it lacked the strength to pull itself out of the marsh mud. On Shackleford, no one intervenes in the process of natural selection. Aside from the July Fourth roundup, when families, many from Harkers Island, brand a few foals and reclaim a largely symbolic ownership, people for the most part leave the horses alone. Sickness, injury and starvation trim the population to a hundred or so.

Rubenstein says that newborn colts have a 42 percent chance of living two years, the age by which most are weaned. Fillies face slightly better odds, probably because they are less rowdy and require less food.

Colts and fillies born into this world find it governed by the drive to survive, to leave offspring, but also by aggression a strict protocol.

Typically, colts stay in their parents' herd until about age four, the age when most are ready to breed, then they leave, some of their own accord, some because they are at last driven away.

Infrequently, a colt will be strong and smart enough to earn a place as helper in the herd of a neighboring stallion. Most often, he must first pay his dues among the bachelors and loners on the East End. If he arrives there strong and practiced at fighting, he may enter West End society with a rank near the middle, and survive to reproduce, either by taking a harem, or by sneaking into another stallion's herd to mate.

Rank is both a matter of seniority--the older bachelors often prevail--and power. Males win promotions with their teeth, their hooves, and also with the ferocity of their threats.

Fillies, which begin breeding around their third birthday, often leave their natal herd and wander widely on the island before they settle on a harem, where they are usually welcomed by the stallion, if not by the other mares. Rubenstein postulates that these relocations--among both males and females--help reduce inbreeding.

In the harem, a filly is also assigned her rank, depending on her age and condition--adults ranking highest. Threats, headshakes and kicking help the top mares dominate their subordinates.

The top-ranking mares enjoy several privileges, especially in the territories. Rubenstein has shown that territorial stallions favor ranking females, both as mates and for what he calls "grooming." Horses groom one another by picking off bugs with their teeth, or cleaning matted manes and coats. They exercise more independence as well, since the stallion herds and harries them less frequently than those of lower status. Outside the territories, these privileges of rank were far less pronounced.

Since the revolution of '80, things just haven't been the same among the herds of Shackleford. Big Red, who once ruled a herd of 22 and the big territory on the island's eastern tip, lost his harem to an upstart. So did JJ, a stallion with a harem 18-strong. Now the herds are smaller--six or seven each, and the youngsters run the show.

And what about the colt Slash Star? He lost that battle for the sorrel stallion's harem, some eight months after his arrival as apprentice.

And even though the territorial order has fallen, Rubenstein and his students will be back next year, and probably for years to come, watching to see if it rises again. With their stop-watches, recorders, cameras and notebooks, they will record the births, the deaths, the horseplay and the battles. They will feed all their facts into computers and print out the patterns and pecking-orders. In the laboratory on Shackleford, they are learning not only about horses, but about method--techniques that Rubenstein says will help them see how wild creatures of all kinds adapt to a harsh and unusual environment.

*Neil Caudle*

### *The Crissie Wright*

*The story is told  
That in January 1886,  
Life on the Banks  
Was simple and hard, but rich.*

*Children played - picking up twigs and sticks,  
Old men mended nets,  
Younger men searched for oysters and clams  
Women made sure the tables were set.*

*The day of the eleventh was sunny and mild,  
Some say it got up to seventy degrees.  
But by supper time, on the day,  
Gale force southwest winds bent the trees.*

*Excited voices told the news  
That the Crissie Wright  
With seven on board as a crew,  
Had run aground near the bight.*

*As winds blew, the temperature dropped.  
Soaked crewmen wrapped in the sails,  
For water froze in their boots and  
They were unable to try to bail.*

*Today, when January winds blow,  
The story is told again,  
How the crew of the Crissie Wright froze to death  
And, this is the tale of those brave men.*

*Benji Taylor,  
Harkers Island*

The State, continued from page 10.

I had supposed that the stock, (in the wild state) had ceased to exist there-- and in much greater number, still were on the narrow sand-reef of North Carolina.

In applying the term wild to these horses, it is not meant that they are as much so as deer or wolves, or as the herds of horses, wild for many generations on the great grassy plains of South America or Texas.

A man may approach these, within gunshot distance without difficulty. But he could not get much nearer, without alarming the herd, and causing them to flee for safety to the marshes, or across water, (to which they take very freely,) or to more remote distance on the sands. Twice a year, for all the horses on each united portion of the reef, (or so much as is unbroken by inlets too wide for the horses to swim across,) there is a general "horse-penning," to secure, and brand with the owner's marks, all the young colts.

The first of these operations is in May, and the second in July late enough for the previous birth of all the colts that come after the penning in May. If there was only one penning, and that one late enough for the latest births to have occurred, the earliest colts would be weaned, or otherwise could not be distinguished, as when much younger, by their being always close to their respective mothers, and so to have their ownership readily determined.

The "horse-pennings" are much attended, and are very interesting festivals for all the residents of the neighboring main-land. There are few adults, residing within a day's sailing of the horse-pen, that have not attended one or more of these exciting scenes. A strong enclosure, called the horse-pen, is made at a narrow part of the reef, and suitable in other respects for the purpose--with a connected strong fence, stretching quite across the reef.

All of the many proprietors of the horses, and with many assistants, drive (in deer-hunters' phrase,) from the remote extremities of the reef, and easily bring, and then encircle, all the horses to the fence and near to the pen.

There the drivers are reinforced by hundreds of volunteers from among the visitors and ama-

teurs, and the circle is narrowed until all the horses are forced into the pen, where any of them may be caught and confined. Then the young colts, distinguished by being with their mothers, are marked by their owner's brand.

After the price is fixed, each selected animal is caught and haltered, and immediately subjected to a rider. This is not generally very difficult--or the difficulties and the consequent accidents and mishaps to the riders are only sufficient to increase the interest and fun of the scene, and the pleasure and triumph of the actors.

After the captured horse has been thrown, and sufficiently choked by the halter, he is suffered to rise, mounted by some bold and experienced rider and breaker, and forced into a neighboring creek, with a bottom of mud, stiff and deep enough to fatigue the horse, and to render him incapable of making more use of his feet than to struggle to avoid sinking too deep into the mire. Under these circumstances, he soon yields to his rider--and rarely afterwards does one resist.

But there are other subsequent and greater difficulties in domesticating these animals. They have previously fed entirely on the coarse salt grasses of the marshes, and always afterwards prefer that food, if attainable. When removed to the main land, away from the salt marshes, many die before learning to eat grain, or other strange provender. Others injure, and some make vain efforts to break through the stables or enclosures in which they are subsequently confined.

All the horses in use on the reef, and on many of the nearest farms on the main-land, are these previously wild "banks' ponies." And when having access to their former food on the salt marshes, they seek and prefer it, and will eat very little of any other and better food.

These horses are all of small size, and rough and shaggy coats, and long manes. They are generally ugly. Their hoofs, in many cases, grow to unusual lengths. They are capable of great endurance of labor and hardship, and live so roughly, that any others, from abroad, seldom live a year



on such food and under such great exposure. The race, of course, was originally derived from a superior kind of breed of stock; but long acclimation, and subjection for many generations to this peculiar mode of living, has fixed on the breed the peculiar characteristics of form, size, and qualities, which distinguish the "banks' ponies."

It is thought that the present stock has suffered deterioration by the long continued breeding without change of blood. Yet this evil might be easily avoided, by sometimes exchanging a few males from different separated parts of the whole coast reef. It would be the reverse of improvement to introduce horses of more noble race, and less fitted to endure the great hardships of this locality. Such horses, or any raised in other localities, if turned loose here, would scarcely live through either the plague of blood-

sucking insects of the first summer, or the severe privations of the first winter.

On the whole reef, there are no springs; but there are many small tide-water creeks, passing through and having their heads in marshes, from which their sources ooze out. Their supply must be from the over-flowing sea-water. I could not learn, and do not suppose, that these waters, even at their highest sources, are ever fresh. Water that is fresh, but badly flavored, may be found anywhere, (even on the sea-beach,) by digging from two to six feet deep. The wild horses supply their want of fresh water by pawing away the sand deep enough to reach the fresh-water, which oozes into the excavation, and which reservoir serves for this use while it remains open.

### *The Beauty of the Outer Banks*

*The golden sea oats  
Dancing on white sand dunes,  
Silhouetted against an azure sky  
Or a flaming sunset.*

*The sight and sound of waves  
Breaking and moving  
With a steady liquid force  
To mold the mobile shore line.*

*The prevailing winds that  
Manicure the tree tops.  
The sea gulls and the terns  
Swooping and swaying*

*On the air currents,  
Riding the waves  
And marching on the beaches.  
The inquisitive porpoise*

*Adding grace and humor  
To the panorama.  
This is the natural beauty  
Of the outer banks.*

*By Wilma Reusch*



*Salter, continued from page 22.*

line to dry. Sometimes we would leave them overnight, to let the dew fall on them. The sun next day would bleach them white. My mother always wanted her clothes to be white - not dingy. I guess I am like her, but the way we wash nowadays it is almost impossible to have white clothes as we did then, but it is a lot quicker and easier done.

Well, next was the ironing day, and that was an all day job. Coals had to be burned and put in the old box iron to heat it up. If it was in the summer time, we put an old quilt on the end of the porch, and that is where we would do our ironing. We did not have ironing boards then. In the winter we used the kitchen table to iron on. We used to starch most of the clothes, such as pillow cases, table covers, skirts, even our slips and blouses, also dresses. It was hard to keep the box iron hot enough. After the coals would burn out we had to put more in, so we had to keep a fire in the old cook stove. We used a pair of fire tongs to pick the coals up and place them in the iron. I remember those tongs so well. It was a hot job to iron all day with the steam coming up in your face, from damp clothes. Starched clothes had to be sprinkled or took in before the sun shined on them. They were rolled up with a towel wrapped around them until it was time to iron.

Well Friday was house cleaning day. Everything was cleaned from top to bottom. The dishes were taken out of the cabinets. Forks, knives and spoons, pots and pans, everything had to be scrubbed and rinsed in hot water. The old kitchen chairs was taken out - even the table, which was home made, was put on the porch. They were scrubbed and rinsed. Of course the floors did not have anything on them but the plain wood. The hot suds was poured on and then they were scrubbed with a broom, and by the way, the brooms were home made. (I will talk about them later.) Then clear water was toted up and poured on the floor and rinsed off.

We did not have any mops, so we used an old worn out garment, with a hoe or rake to wipe the floor dry. There was no one to walk on it until it was completely dry. I remember my mother

went out back in the woods and dug some white sand, brought it home, washed it until it was as white as snow, then she would put it in a pile on a board until it dried. That was done days before the floors was scrubbed. After the floor dried, she would sprinkle that dry sand on the floor until it was covered, then everything was set back in place. I wonder what young people would think now, to see things done as they were then. When the bedrooms were cleaned, everything was taken out. Quilts was put on a line around the porch, feather beds and pillows were put out to air, bedsteads cleaned. Of course, we didn't have much furniture, like they have now. Usually a bed, dresser, and trunk was all they had in the room unless it was a cot for one of the small children to sleep on.

When me and Sisie were old enough to sleep upstairs, Papa sealed off a room up there. Mama got us a bedstead a piece. I think they were army surplus stuff. She gave three dollars a piece for them. They were made of iron with a woven link spring. Of course we had a feather bed and grass mattress to put on it. I remember how we would go out in the field in the fall. I believe they called it crab grass, or broom grass turned brown. We cut the top of it off and filled a mattress tick my mother had made. After it was sewn up, it was put in the sun on the porch until it was dried out good. A feather bed on top of that was a good sleeping place. I still have that bedstead today. No one now, would think it was a very nice piece of furniture. But I was glad to get it. We were glad to get anything in those days.

Well, back to the home made broom. We had to go out in the woods and hunt prumetta stocks. They were shaped like fans and they didn't grow only in certain places. After they were cut with about a six inch stock on them, they were put in the sun to dry out, and toughen up. We used small nails to fasten them to the handle, putting two stocks together, close together, around the handle. Two or three nails were put in each group of stocks, then it was flattened out and a piece of twine was woven across it two or three times. The ends were chopped off even. This completed the broom. I would love to

make one now, if I could find the stocks anywhere. They don't grow around here like they used to.

In the fall of the year, everyone tried to prepare for the winter. Papa had a piece of land with pine trees on it, he saved to get wood to burn. When we were about 10 or 11 years old, Papa would take the old crosscut saw, which took two people to use, and the axe, and start out. Of course me and Sisie was right there to help with what ever he had to do. He would chop the tree down and trim the limbs off. Then we took the saw and sawed it in four foot lengths. He would take hold of one end of the saw and we would take turns on the other end until we got it all sawed up.

Then it had to be split. We had an axe and he had one. After it was split it had to be penned up about six feet high so it would dry out. I would love to see a young girl now splitting up logs. I don't guess they would last long, but we got used to doing hard work by starting young and we loved to do it.

I remember one day my grandfather took his horse and my uncle took his - me and Sisie took the old mule, with the carts hitched to them. Off we went to look for lightwood, old tree knots, or stumps, anything we could use to get the fire started. It was hard to get pine wood started unless you had something else to put under it. We went out in the back woods on some ridges out there. We got our carts filled up and we started back home. Our old mule was so slow, we were always behind the others. The road, or cart path, they were called, was full of holes that was filled with water. When we got to this big hole, my grandfather and uncle had already got across and they stopped until we got up to it. They said to be sure not to let the mule stop, if we did, we would probably have to unload the cart. So, we got her on a good start and beat her all the way through it. We finally got on the other side without unloading - "what an experience!"

Well, cutting wood was not the only thing that had to be done before it got cold. Our main crop was sweet potatoes. Of course they were planted in the early summer. Every row had to

be made with a hoe and that wasn't a small row either. They had to be knee high. The kind of land we had was hard to work with. It had so much clay in it you couldn't work it if it was too wet or too dry. It took a lot of work to raise sweet potatoes. All summer the grass had to be kept out of them by weeding with a hoe. I think I hated that worse than anything. We started digging them in October. First we had to go in the woods and rake straw - Papa would take the mule and cart and a thing they called a scythe. They use the scythe to cut rushes. He would cut and load up the cart, while we filled up bags with pine straw. This was used to cover the potatoes after they had been dug, scraped, and piled up on a bed that had been made out of the straw, then covered to the top with straw, and then the rushes. After that the dirt was banked up around them about eight or ten inches until they got to the top.

I remember one evening, me and Sisie had to light a lantern to finish a bank after it got dark. It was supposed to turn cold that night and we didn't want them to freeze. We always tried to get all the fields planted in potatoes before Papa had to go off fishing.

He usually started mullet fishing the first of June. That year it was getting time for him to leave. He usually stayed a week or two before he came back home. We lacked a small place in one corner of the field having it all planted. He told me and Sisie if we would finish planting that part, and tend to them, when they were dug and sold, we could have the money for them.

One day Papa told us he would give us \$10.00 a piece, if we wanted the money then, and he would take what the potatoes brought when he sold them. We were so anxious for the money, we decided to take the \$10.00. That seemed like a lot of money then. I don't remember what we got with the money now. But when Papa sold the potatoes, he got over \$100.00 for the ones on that piece of land. So we didn't make a very good deal. But that was our hard luck. That was all we got or expected.

The next addition to the family was another baby boy, born January 3, 1923. They named



him Hildred. We were old enough then to help take care of him. He was such a pretty little boy. When he was about three years old, my mother's youngest brother was in the Coast Guard. On Christmas, he brought Hildred a pedal car. It was painted red. We all thought that was something else. There was not very many real cars around here then. Me and Sisie decided we wanted a Christmas tree that year. We used to go visit some of our friends on Christmas, and they had trees in the corner of the living room decorated in red and green rope. A few things had been made and hung on it. We thought that was pretty. We always wanted one, so that year Papa found a cedar and brought it home. We put it up in the setting room, as we called it then. I can't remember what we decorated it with now.

But sometimes, we would rather play with the old grinding stone Papa had in the yard. There was a handle on it. We would stand there and turn it for an hour. The worse part about it was, we both wanted to turn it at the same time, and we would fuss over it. My mother said, one day my great-grandmother Bet (her real name was Elizabeth) was spending a few days with us, as she often did when Papa was off fishing. She was setting on the porch watching us, and got tickled so good. One would turn a few minutes, then the other one would take it. We were always like that . . . whatever one did, or went, the other wanted the same thing. Mama had made us a new dress and the first time we wore them, one of us got the sleeve hooked on a nail and tore a hole in it. She put a patch on the sleeve, when she started to put them on us again, we caught sight of that patch. We would not have those dresses put on, until she put a patch on the other one and in the same place.

My grandfather got us a little brown hat one time. I can see them now, how they looked. One had a little different striped ribbon band on it, than the other. We never enjoyed wearing those hats. We both wanted the same one. Everything that was got for us we examined it good, to see if it was alike. Of course, we would always know our own things, even if they were alike.

I can remember we always thought a lot of animals. Papa had let us claim a cow and calf a piece. I named my cow Blaze. She was kind of a tabby color, and had no horns. Sisie named her Alize, she was light brown. We were about seven or eight years old, I guess. Well, they had passed a law that cattle could no longer run loose. That meant everybody had to get them penned up. I don't think Papa had too many cattle then. He had sold part of the ones he had. He had to do something with the rest, so he decided he would put them on the banks. There was plenty of grass and bushes growing over there then, and he thought they would get enough to eat. I think some other people had put theirs over there. It took so much to feed a lot of cattle in a pen. But he had got them penned up in a pen up the bay, we always called it. It was on the other side of Salters Creek. My grandfather had a brother that lived there. In fact, I can remember when several people lived up there and they used to plant the fields. He had a big cattle pen and he let Papa use it to get his cattle up, and it was close to the water, where they could be loaded. They had to be carried by boat. Anyway, he promised me and Sisie he would wait until we got out of school that day to go with him, so we could see the cattle before he took them off. I guess he thought it would be too late when he got home, so he decided to go on anyway. We had never been anywhere alone, only to school. When we got home that evening, Mama told us he had gone. I don't know where we thought we could catch up with him or not, but we started out running as hard as we could, and Mama couldn't stop us. I reckon she thought we would get scared when we got to the woods and come back. It was no ways like it is now, just a cart path through the woods. We kept on going, we got about half way, we looked up and saw this horse and cart coming toward us. It was a man that lived up the bay, Mr. Zekwal Salter. We knew him, because he had been to our house and had eat there several times. No one ever came to our house that Papa didn't ask to eat. Of course this old man lived alone and he liked to visit Papa and talk with him. But back to our trip. We finally made it, just

in time to catch Papa before he left. He was going to come back around the shore. It was a little shorter distance that way, but you had to wade across a place of water, of course he had his boots on. Well, we saw the last glimpse of our cow and calf after he put them on the banks. We never saw them anymore. I believe Papa said somebody finally stole them, and part of them might of died.

We always liked to follow Papa around and we tried to help him, whatever he had to do. If he needed his skiff cleaned off when he got it up, we did that. When he had to mend his nets we helped do that and hang net. I loved to hang net. One of us marked the line and filled needles while the other would hang.

Now we didn't spend all our time helping Papa. We helped Mama too. We did house work. She used to work at an oyster factory, where they steamed oysters. The women would shuck them out and they were put in cans and then processed. I think they paid about 5 cents a cup which held about 3 quarts of dry oysters. Of course they were sold by weight, and I can't remember how many lbs. it was in a cup. You had to go early in the morning and stay until 5 o'clock. The fastest shucker only made about \$1.00 a day. It depended on how good the oysters were. I remember those big sail sharpies laying to the dock loaded down. There were plenty of oysters then, but it was hard work to get them. The dredges had to be pulled in by hand.

Well, until me and Sisie got big enough to work in the factory we had to come home from school, get the wood in - to cook with and burn that night. We also tried to have supper cooked. Mama was so tired when she got home and after supper she would have stalls to make. We didn't buy gloves to use. It would have taken so many pair, so people always had scraps of material and they would make their own gloves or stalls, as they called them. There had to be aprons washed out for the next day, and something prepared to take with them for lunch. That factory was operated for many years. Some of the men had jobs there, such as firing the boiler, and pulling the oyster cans out of the steam box. Those oysters

really smelled good when they came out hot. Then the shells had to be rolled out in a wheel barrow. There was banks of oyster shells around that place that looked like a mountain, also the same man that owned the factory had a big store. You had to go by the store to get to the dock that went out to the factory. It was a long dock. Some women was afraid to walk on it when it was blowing hard. I remember we used to have some pretty hard winds. When me and Sisie got old enough, we worked some down there before it finally closed. It was a lot of help to some of the people in the community. Some women did not have any other way to make money to buy food for their family. There were several women that had lost their husbands in a bad storm. Of course, that was before I was born, but I remember my mother talking about it. There was no welfare handed out to people in those days. I wonder what they would do today if times were to come back like they were then.

Not many people can remember their great, great grandmother, but I can, on my mother's side. Grandma Nancy, I can see that old house she lived in. One of her daughters and son lived there with her. She was a real small woman and she was blind when I could remember. I don't know how long she had been blind. Mama used to go down there with the mule and cart to her house and bring her home with us, to stay a few days. I had a little rocking chair and Sisie did too. They were got for us when we were two years old. Grandma used to set in one of them, when she was there. She dipped snuff. Mama always gave her a tin to spit in. She would set it down beside the chair. I guess Mariam and Gertrude was about two years old, they would be on the floor playing and they would slip that tin so Grandma couldn't reach it - then they would laugh about it. They were always up to something when they were together. Grandma would call my mother, she said "you will have to come to these hellions." We didn't know what that word meant. One thing we never heard was curse words, or vulgar talk in our house. My mother dipped snuff, but not one of the children

took up that habit, or smoking either. My Daddy never smoked either.

Well back to Grandma's house. It was a little two room house, with a front porch almost level with the dirt and wood windows in it, hung on hinges so they could be opened up in the summer, and there was no screens. They cooked in a fireplace, of course that was the custom in those days - but what amazes me, they raised big families in those little houses.

I remember my Grandmother Desdemonia's house. There was just a path from our house to hers, not too far apart, in the same field. They only had two rooms and they raised six children, not but one of them is living today. He is 87 years old. Her health was not too good, and Mama had most of the work to do for her. She died when she was 59 years old.

My Grandfather Zack, they called him, he was almost 85 when he died. I can hear him now, how he used to snore. In the summer time he would have both doors open, he would take a pillow and lay on the floor, and go to sleep. We could hear him to our house snoring. He was a healthy man. The only thing, he had a cancer on his face and it finally killed him, as we didn't have doctors around here then. Mama had to tend to him and keep it dressed. He was in such pain in the last days. They had to give him morphine to ease him.

I can remember when the road from Beaufort to Atlantic was started. They took part of peoples yards and fields, and cut big canals on each side. The dirt or clay was used to build up the road. After they got it opened up so cars could drive on it, when it would rain, it got so slippery the cars would slip and slide around on it. It seemed like a long time before they got it paved.

Before the road was built, the only way to get to Beaufort was by boat. There was a mail boat run each day that carried the mail and passengers too. I remember the first time I ever went to Beaufort, I guess I was in the 4th or 5th grade in school. They had a county commencement, all the schools in the county met in Beaufort, and they had marches and put on different programs. Mr. Maulby Taylor had a big boat he used to

carry freight in. So that day he filled it up with school children and their mothers, all that would go. We even packed our lunch to take with us. That was a big day for us. Our school had to wear white dresses and shoes. I remember when I got back home I had a blistered heel, after walking all day. The school that had the best march got a prize. I think Harkers Island got it. There was an old man living there that had been a band leader. He spent a lot of time with them practicing; he also had a drum for them to march by. They were real good. I think his name was Sanders, I don't know where he came from, but he spent the rest of his life on Harkers Island.

I was still going to school in the two room school house, but they had another building across the road that used to be a store. After awhile they started teaching the first and second grades in that. They had strict rules in school then. A child could not speak to anyone or get off their seat without permission. If they did they were punished. One day Sisie held her hand up to get permission to get her pencil sharpened. The teacher told her to get a knife from a boy setting behind her to sharpen her pencil with. The principal saw her turn around and made her stand in the corner. She was so scared her nose started bleeding. I was so mad with him. He should of asked her if she had permission, but he didn't. I don't think either of us ever had any use for him anymore. Of course we didn't let him know it. I remember one teacher we had would send the larger boys out to cut their own switches to beat them with, if they misbehaved or did not have their lessons that was assigned to them. What a difference in the schools we have today. Then we started the day with Bible reading and prayer. This is not allowed anymore. I guess when I was in the 4th or 5th grade we had to learn the names of the books in the Bible. My teacher was Miss Agness Wagenor.

I have told you about some of the things they used when anyone got hurt or sick. I remember when I was about 5 years old, Mama was to my grandmothers house doing something for her. She had already got her work done. She had



## Morehead Remembers

**Bob Simpson**

### Morehead To Recognize Outstanding Skippers

It has long been a dream of some of us to recognize certain ordinary men doing extraordinary things. Bridges are named for politicians, ships for empire builders and statues erected in honor of war leaders, but seldom do we recognize the ordinary men, the foundations, the real builders of a nation, a community, a way of life.

Since its beginning Carteret County has been known for its seafaring ways, its commercial craft and recreational fishing. The Morehead waterfront over three-quarters of a century ago took the lead in hosting one of the nation's earliest and finest saltwater sports fishing fleets. For many years it could boast one of the largest fleets between Palm Beach and New Jersey.

The abilities of these watermen working the rich waters offshore gained a reputation of producing more pounds of fish per angler than anywhere else in the Atlantic. These pioneers have set new safety standards by carrying thousands upon thousands of fishing parties to enjoy the fruits of the sea without ever losing a passenger. Though well known to the seafaring world, these mariners have otherwise gone virtually unrecognized.

Today the creation of a tribute to the individuals who have had a significant impact on the heritage of Morehead City, provided inspiration for present and future generations has crossed the first hurdles on its way to becoming a permanent part of the Morehead waterfront restoration project currently underway.

The structure, presently being designed, will provide a combination shelter from wind and rain, a meeting place and a whittlers' bench. Such a bench has always been an integral part of a bona fide waterfront, as demonstrated by the likes of Captains "Pappy" Joe Fulcher and Joe Rose.

Funding is to be from private donations, but with the structure and captains list entrusted to the Town of Morehead City for public display and

education. The Morehead City Board of Commissioners has enthusiastically endorsed the concept and the Waterfront Project Committee, with Doug Brady as chairman, has also endorsed the concept of a skippers' tribute. The chairman of each subcommittee will serve on the project with the organizer, Bob Simpson, along with James B. Willis, Jr. and "Puck" O'Neal.

Nominations may be made by anyone who can verify the nominee's qualifications. Those nominated will be submitted to a select committee for review and, if approved, names engraved on plaques and entered permanently on or in the structure.

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*The Mailboat will be happy to forward your nominations to the committee. Please call the office (728-1500) for further information.*



## A Story From The Mile Of Hope

David Newberry

This was a new place, a very dark place. Until now their place was a ray of hope, a light shining in the distance. Dim, yes, but there. Now there was the numbing news that all that could be done had been done, that it was just a matter of time. Days, perhaps. They were going to lose their little girl to the cancer she had so valiantly fought. It was always a losing battle that they could never agree to lose. No matter the odds! Any chance was a chance and they held on to it no matter what they were told.

"Doctors don't know everything! Sometimes, cancer just goes away. Remission. Yes, we'll pray for a remission. Every church in our area is in prayer for our little girl. You just do all that you can, doctor. God will do the rest."

Still, the thought persisted. It was pushed away. The evidence of a child wasting away was painfully ignored in the favor of the only hope left: God's intervention. And then too, she was so cheerful, so appreciative of the help that she was being given, so positive, such an inspiration. How could she just die? Life without this wonderful child was incomprehensible, a place that did not exist and therefore could not be understood or even contemplated.

Her concern had always been for her mother and father. "Don't worry!" she would say. "I'll be alright. It's just a little set back. Dr. Holbrook will figure something out." They remembered when they were so concerned about the treatment, she just squeezed their hands to assure them. they remembered her silence when they knew from what the doctors had told them that she was

surely in pain. All memories so very painful, so very wonderful. And when she was told that she would not have to suffer much longer, she understood that she was about to die.

The doctor asked if there was any thing that she would desire before she went on to meet God, and to wait there for her parents. "Yes, there is. I want to go to the Mile Of Hope weekend."

The Mile of Hope weekend is a special weekend for children with cancer at Atlantic Beach.



They could stay at the Atlantis Motel which donates all of its facilities for one weekend to the families of children being treated for cancer. They could compete for prizes for building the best sand castles, or sand sculpture. They could watch the professionals come and astound visitors with their skills in sand. They could watch each family build a place of fantasy in the sand, for which prizes are awarded in different categories. They would see

the Marine Corps put on a show. Elvis would come down from heaven and sing their favorites. They could have their faces painted, go swimming, and just romping in the sand dunes chasing sea gulls who only wish to be fed.

They could take in a night at Jungle Land, have breakfast at Capt. Bill's, and at the Sheraton. The Aquarium opens just for the families. There's a harbor cruise on the paddle wheeler, the Crystal Queen. It's a great weekend! And its free!

She was told that the beach would be too hard on her, but she insisted. Several efforts on her behalf were made to convince her that it was

probably not the best idea. And then it was out: "I want my mommy and daddy to have that weekend." To say that it was settled hardly describes the awesome weight that settled around the hearts of the parents and the doctors and nurses. It would be done, and they would leave a day early.

At the motel she insisted that her mother and father spend time on the beach enjoying the ocean. The doctor stayed with her. The father returned and rode her around the area in his car so that she could see the fishing piers, the beach, the gulls, and so many people having a good time. Finally she had him take her back to the motel, and insisted that he return to the beach with her mother. In a short time, her parents were summoned. She had to be taken back to the hospital where she died.

There was no embarrassment in not having any money to bury their little girl, only the excruciating pain of failing her one last time. A collection was made, and money was freely given to cover the cost.

It will be years before either of them can contemplate the raw courage of their little girl. Perhaps in the anticipation of seeing her again they will soon forgive their God. But at some point they will receive glimpses of the blessings from their absolutely selfless giving and ponder briefly the depth of meaning of life, and the life of one selfless little girl and her profound influence on the rest of their lives. They will not think themselves impoverished.

Someday, perhaps, they will look upward, fall on their knees, and ask, "Does anyone else know of this ecstasy? Were other parents ever loved to such a depth? Do others have so little fear of the one last enemy? Are others so little in want in the absence of plenty? Did you give such courage and strength to her parents? Is this lofty perspective available to any who do not suffer as we have?"

There are others, and they can now know of them because they can now feel their pain. And someday they will know and understand that when I heard of the most humbling triumph of their little girl, I cried too, even though I had never met her. And when I contemplate how terrible it is to fall so in the hands of the Living God, I shall rejoice in their fellowship, even though we never meet. Such is the power of the human spirit--when severely tested and touched by God.

## *The Basket*

*Jeanie Ramos 1976*

*As I'm quietly weaving this basket  
I think of the days in my past  
By twining the roots of the willow  
This basket's my diary to last*

*The materials I use will remind me  
Of the girl I used to be  
I was sturdy and slender as the willow  
And was usually climbing a tree*

*The beargrass of white a reminder  
Of the hillsides I roamed as a child  
Searching for wildflowers and robins  
I ran free, but I never ran wild*

*The black of the maidenhair fern stem  
Brings back the dark days of my life  
The days that I try to blot out of my mind  
The days filled with sadness and strife*

*As I weave the yellow quills  
of the porcupine  
It reminds me of the sun up above  
Of the life it gives to all living things  
And the two precious daughters I love*

*The bright red woodwardia  
dyed with alder  
Will cheer me whenever I'm blue  
I'll think of good times and good friends  
I'll be thinking mostly of you.*



## Horizons Apart - Pellworm, Germany and Harkers Island

Uwe Preiser and Ulrich Mäck

*"Frankfurter Allgemeine (Zeitung) Magazin" (39 Week  
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If one could look down from a height of five times the level of the upper layer of clouds, and if there were no clouds to bar the view, one could see how dawn moves along the surface of the earth. And while its coppery edge just covers the world of the North-Frisian Islands with its last rays of daylight, the coast of North Carolina still lies in the blinding dust of a summer afternoon. In between the Atlantic balances six hours into a single moment.

It is a few minutes past nine at night and the same few minutes past three o'clock in the afternoon, the water is running toward the West with the Heverstream, past the Island of Pellworm, toward the North Sea; and over there it runs between the long-stretched shore of Shackleford Banks and Harkers Island into the open sea. Six hours it runs out and six hours it comes back in, and it would seem logical that the water leaves the coast of the Atlantic Ocean on one side and flows up the coast on the other side of the ocean.

But that is not the case. And the same power that makes Susanne Yeomans-Guthrie conjure up again and again the land of her grandparents, land that was lost during hurricanes, the same power works in Silke Zetl-Marcussen, six thousand kilometers further to the East, on Pellworm, and makes her decide to stay on the Marcussen Hof (farm).

On Summer evenings when the dew falls, there is a mixture of smells of ripening corn with that of clover, of dried sheep-dung which lies everywhere spread over the dikes, the warm sweat of cattle on the rich marsh grass, the whiff of decay over the brackish waters.

If in Nord Friesland or North Carolina--life on the coast used to be geared by the tides. Work used to leave an imprint on the people. Modest wealth had to be wrestled from nature.

After awhile the light on the water is beginning to change more rapidly. For a moment this external picture freezes to a mirror for Jeje Ohrt, a mirror with an emptiness that he can fill with the things that make his life: the house of his parents beyond the dike at the port, his new house at the other side of the port, the port itself, with more than a dozen boats originally, of which now only three are left (one is about to be sold again), his family. As far as he can remember, the Ohrts have lived off fishing. "And you always wanted to be a fisherman? Never anything else?"

Jeje Ohrt (speaking over the rudder as if to the horizon): "No, no -- That's just the way it is." The thick, blond curly hair makes his face appear small. It is difficult to determine if the motion is in him, or a reflection of the light on the waves. And as if to enforce something that is older than he, himself, and lifted into his consciousness: "Well, that's the way it is."

That does not mean that he thinks of sole whenever he looks out over the water.

### Quiet as the Heavens

Sole crabs, or about how much the Fishery Association in Husum will give him for his catch. "If one goes out further, on a clear day . . . one sees nothing but space . . . and then fishes around . . . that is the best, that is beautiful."

The sun is still two hands wide over the sea, but on the island it has already set behind the dike. At the jetty the summer visitors are still sitting--in spite of the coolness of the evening--on the wood benches in front of Leo's Fish and Grill with their beer and crabs. The man in his fisherman's sweater winds his way through the rows, playing his harmonica. "La Paloma, ohe, one day it will be all over . . ." And while they look over the now empty bay to the sheep on the other side of the dike, and even further to the darker sand flats, they humm the tune in their heads, even the key that is missing on the harmonica, because one of the bottoms is broken.

A few kilometers further, down the Junkersmitteleich, the barber, Sonke Broders, spreads his arms to indicate the sign for the final chord. The humm "Herr, bleibe bei uns, denn es will Abend werden" (Lord, stay with us, because it is about to be night) rings out, and in the pub "Unter den Linden? (Under the Linden) another practice session of the Pellworm Mixed Choir is coming to an end. Jeje Ohrt's wife Doris is in a hurry to get away. She wants to go to see her friend Silke Zetl.

Away from the pub, over the Sudermitteldeich (dike) and then toward North, one comes upon the Alte-Kirchs-Chaussee. Through the cattle pastures, named after the birds, which are the only acoustic counterpart to the oyster fishers' quarrelsome noise. That's where Lore and Rudolph Boysen are living in an old, white-washed Friesen-house. The walls are one-third high, the roof two-thirds, so that the roof slopes down steeply and the wind cannot catch under the reeds and push the rain water into it. Therefore, the ceiling is hardly higher than the door and the window frames. The ceiling spreads out the lamp light and throws a warm half-darkness over the dark, polished cupboards, the China service behind glass, the tile-stove and the red velvet sofa. Rudolph Boysen's captain's cap, with the embellishment (cockade) of the New Pellworm Steamship Association, rests on the arm of the sofa. He only takes it off when he sits down at the table.

He will soon be seventy. As a youngster, he always wanted to go to sea, but he had to become a blacksmith, because that's what the father was. After the war he made frying pans and other household items which were not yet available again. To this day, his hands have not lost the feel for metal, for form and the mechanics of things. later he had acquired also the feel for wood. That was one reason why he became a machinist on the Pellworm ferry.

Forty years between Island and Mainland, back and forth, and the work time was not determined by a union, but rather by the tides. In the morning, at quarter past three, they went out with the first flood tide. If the water was right,

they made it in two hours to Husum, and barely returned with the last tide. Most of the time it took three or four hours and then they sat high and dry over there until the next tide. Or they made it out of the post but got stuck in the slick a half-mile before Pellworm, could do nothing but count the holes that the worms made in the sand, before high time came that evening.

He still wears the khaki jacket from his time as a machinist, the kind with the breast pockets and the brass buttons with anchors. Now he puts his hand over his heart as if to contradict something under oaths, and he says: "if they really build the dam, then we'll be getting the storm floods from the land."

Some of these days a dam is supposed to be built to connect Pellworm with the mainland. Then Pellworm will no longer be an island. They would not need a ferry then, either.

And the deep water dock, which can be used independent of ebb-or flood-tide, has been completed only two years ago. It cost twenty six million, including the almost one kilometer-long driveway to the edge of the channel. Paid by State and County. The folks at Pellworm have paid for it by no longer being the center, because in the old port nobody docks there anymore, except the fish cutters. The good old days are past when half Pellworm met there, because at the dock there was always something to be talked about . . . news from the mainland as well as from the island itself.

After the choir practice Doris Ohrt cannot find out from her friends when the new hairdresser will arrive. Sonke Broder did not get into it at all. Maybe nobody will come. The island barber and part-time choir director, Broder has closed his beauty shop (only once a month on "man's night") to devote his attention to his retirement job.

"And what about your vacationers?" asked Doris Ohrt. "Fine. and yours?," replied Silke Zetl. "Good also." They laugh. They understand one another, both approaching forty, each having five children, but both are still young and have short hair.

Farmers, fishermen, landowners--most of them on Pellworm have vacation boarders. Not quite one thousand residents anymore (the tendency is downward because of aging), but two thousand boarders. Tourism as a side income keeps many of them afloat. Just like the one or other, the Zetls have gone into "Biological agriculture." Basically, because of income possibilities. The State Schleswig-Holstein has promised its Bio-farmers financial assistance for five years, of which three years have already passed. The farmers on Pellworm have never been rich, although the soil is good. Wheat has thick heads of grain and is over a meter high.

On the mainland, Silke Zetl has earned a Master's degree in the subject "Agricultural Home Economics." Somewhere along the line she realized that she wanted to carry on with the management of the Marcussen Farm. That proved that the old Marcussen had succeeded in marrying off his three daughters on the island. The oldest son, Hauke, will take over the farm one of these days, but the others? Most of the young people go away, because there are only a few jobs and hardly more than a handful of professions.

Driving over the island on a winter evening, one can see the change: more and more houses where the windows remain dark. These are the summer homes of doctors, lawyers, and other people from the mainland who have money for second homes. This has driven up the price for property on Pellworm, so that the island dwellers cannot afford to buy the land on which they are living.

### Living with the Tide

The night is lit up by the moon, but it does not rise any more through the branches of the hundred year old elm trees which surrounded the Marcussen Farm. The elms on Pellworm have been attacked by the "splint-beetle" (loosely translated) and are dying off. At the old church, the moon shines on the small stone squares over the shell foundation. This is the burial ground for the nameless, the unknown. In about one hundred years, five long rows of stone plates, each with a date, remind of those that the sea has released again.

In the meadows, birds are still whispering, the brackish water glistens as if saving light for the next day, cattle are screaming, a herd of sheep runs in sudden panic along the dike and stands still equally suddenly--all heads turned in the same direction. The dike forms a line encircling an area as large as the sky and just as still. No man is an island. Suddenly one understands how enticing the belief must have been (and still is) that the world is a horizon bent around the personal "I."

Close under the horizon are the big sands, glimmering in the moonlight. Land used to reach that far once, before it was torn by two storm floods (1362 and 1634) and Pellworm was born in the chaos of hurricane night, just like the surrounding islands. In the middle of fifty thousand cattle drifting in the water and six thousand drowning people.

If Jeje Ohrt could cover a distance so far that this point under the sky would disappear, one can say he has created a horizon. Behind that are the waters where the sole can be found.

More than a hundred horizons further West is in this moment the lazy up and down of the porch swing, fastened by two ropes under the wooden porch ceiling of Luther Daniel Yeomans' house. This is the only movement on this deadly dull, burning hot summer afternoon.

Everybody on Harkers Island calls him Danny, which has the advantage to tell him apart from his son, Luther Daniel Yeomans, Jr. When he laughs, he likes to laugh because he is a happy, carefree old man, his mouth reminds one of a cunning fish mouth. Both gums are bare, he lost all his teeth.

He built his first boat himself, because at the time when he was young, almost all fishermen were also boat builders. When the fish did not come, he built boats and sold them. Danny Yeomans has built six cutters in his lifetime, and the last one his son has inherited.

He is seventy years old. He has stomach trouble and the heart skips sometimes but his eyes are sharp and bright. Even the left one, the center of which is surrounded half by traces of blood. The sun and its sharp fractions of a thou-



sand reflections on the water have allowed skin cancer to settle in the eye. He still goes out often with his son, because that saves the money for another crew member. Besides that, he can still teach him something about fishing. "Yes sir, absolutely!"

The swing goes back and forth like a ship that goes over the waves. "I tried to talk him out of it." A giggle in an old man's falsetto drowns out the shrill noise of the crickets (locusts) in the trees. "I wanted to talk him out of it, but he does not want to listen. He wants to fish."

He takes off his cap to wipe the sweat, and a heavy, full, white shock of hair and an angular head becomes visible. The fragility of old age is suddenly hidden by toughness and strength. Luther Daniel Yeomans says: "Look, what I wish for myself is that all the Yeomanses will get along as well as I have and that fishing here at the coast somehow survives. But I doubt that it will happen. Everything will disappear."

When a stranger comes to Harkers Island and wants to find a certain Yeomans, he does not have it easy. In the telephone book of the county, Beaufort--to which Harkers island also belongs--there are sixteen Yeomanses listed. Further, there is the name of Hancock mentioned sixteen times, Sixty-eight times Guthrie, twenty-three times Rose, twenty-one times Davis, fifty-four times Willis, and at least two dozen times Lewis. All in all there are two hundred thirty telephone listings for those eight families. Estimating that each household has four members -- Susan and Joel Hancock with their six children are an even eight -- we come to more than nine hundred heads and this represents more than half of all island inhabitants, which amounted to 1759 souls according to the last survey.

"I believe Danny is the brother of a second cousin of my father." Susanne does not know exactly. She is a teacher on the island. A Yeomans, which -- through her marriage to a Guthrie more than 20 years ago -- with one stroke made her related to half the island, because some Guthrie married some Lewis, and some Willis married a Guthrie once upon a time.

If Susanne Yeomans-Guthrie feels like renewing her childhood feelings, she only has to look from the porch on the back of her house (old homeplace) over the Sound. There, about half ways to the horizon, shows up the long strip of Shackleford Banks over the water. That's from where they all came long ago. Also her grandparents, Nettie and Dan Yeomans.

In later years they used to go there again and again, but not to live; just on vacation in cabins which gave them the illusion that they were still home on the Banks. Till it was declared a wildlife preserve. When on that miserable December day, 1985, those huts were burned down, the tenaciously held claim went up in smoke, too.

Today, the once flourishing Diamond City on Shackleford Banks is nothing but a memory of the great time of whaling, when in Spring the grey whales moved up the coast northward with the Gulf Stream. Or memories of the two hurricanes, 1896 and 1899, when Diamond City went down in their ravages, only to spring up again on the other side of the sound on Harkers Island. The Guthries, Hancocks, Yeomanses dismantled their houses within three years after the second windstorm--or that which was still left of them--put it on their boats and carried it across the Sound. They had the silent consolation that the old home places which they had given up, with their dunes and cedar trees, in the future would act as a windbreak and breakwater from the forceful nature for their new homesteads.

Besides their houses, they sometimes also carried along the coffins that had been torn out of the graves by the storm flood, and they re-buried the bones which had been washed up between the cedars. If one comes to Shackleford Banks today, . . .

### Two Islands in the Ocean

One finds the ashes of burned-out camp fires, empty whiskey bottles, tin cans, leftovers from day trips with boats, where the visitors use the remoteness of the area to get around the alcohol prohibition along the stretch of coast.

Right behind these places behind the edge of fragile dunes, there begins a spooky maze. White as bone of bizarre shape, cedar trunks gnawed

down from salt crystals and sand spread out under thick conifers, all turned over in one direction by the steady wind. They make for an ash-grey light, which gets darker the further one goes into the interior.

In the cemetery over there, back of the Methodist Church, the Mormon Church, and the Meeting place of the Free Grace Holiness Church, there is the new cemetery. Altogether there are seven Christian denominations on the Island that is only five miles long and one mile wide, which has led to considerable expense and sometimes even to conflicts in the battle for the spiritual salvation of the inhabitants. But in the cemetery they are all united. The ancient oaks between the simple graves that are adorned with shrubs or silk flowers, they know the stories of all who are buried here.

They also know the stories of the Rose Brothers, Earl and James, to whom they owe that the reputation of Harkers Island boat builders has spread along the coast from Florida to Pennsylvania. They custom built wooden boats. After incorporating the wishes of the customers into a small juniper model, the miracle commenced: a boat comes into being without any sketch or construction outline, simply under the hands, and without fail always hit the water line of exactly four inches. All of the Harkers island boat builders work this way.

Boat building was the only trade that flourished in the fifties on the island. The Rose Brothers died, and the boom flattened out; new techniques came into boat building. Still there are a number of shipyards on the island, but instead of wood there is fiberglass and polyester. Boat building on Harkers Island has changed more during ten years than the life on the island in more than half a century; in spite of the bridge that was built in 1941. Not the bridge, but the babies have caused the drastic change. When the many children, a product of the years after World War II, grew up in the seventies, the Island population swelled on to double its size with the generations of Lewises, Hancocks, and Willises, etc.

Five of the six children of Susan and Joel Hancock will have to move from the place where

they grew up in the middle of uncles, aunts and cousins, in the knowledge that they had permission to go in any one of the refrigerators of the surrounding houses.

Therefore the number of post office boxes increases steadily. The young people move away but they continue to let their mail come to the island; a way to keep up with the old life. Elaine continues in the tradition of the Yeomanses.

Soon the brief twilight will settle in, but Elaine Yeomans still sits at the desk behind the post office counter and she is doing the daily accounting. She is the post master. Before her in this position was Emma Yeomans, the aunt of her husband, Leland. (She only moved here in 1970. Her father was an itinerant preacher and carpenter in Florida. Emma Yeomans assumed the job from Floyd Yeomans, the father of Susan Yeomans-Guthrie, who held it thirty-four years, after he took it over from his Uncle David Yeomans. It is more likely that the sound will freeze over than that the post master is not a Yeomans. Nobody knows why that is. When Elaine wants to describe the changes on Harkers Island, she says: "The number of post office boxes has tripled."

The most exciting thing about the evenings is the fast change from day to night. Before sun-up, Harkers Island swims through a breeze of evaporating fog. Then comes the dew and the only cool hour of the day sets in. The bridge tender, Dallas Guthrie, makes the middle part of the swing bridge turn out. The first fishing boats head towards the Sound.

This is about the time that Jeje Ohrts' cutter is lying lost and tied up at the jetty. It is noon on Pellworm. The retired fisherman, Jens Jensen still tightens a few strands in a net, then he lays it aside and leaves.

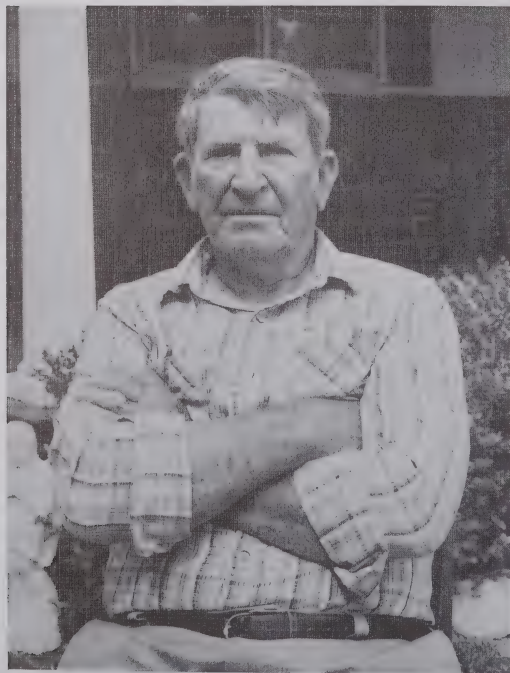
Fifteen years he has worked at the Developmental Ministry as an expert on fisheries in the South Sea, towards the end on an island near Bali. After his return he took over the job as mail carrier to Hallig from his brother in law Heinrich Liermann. Three times a week he goes with mailbag and compass over the sand flats to the Hallig Suderoog and back. If he does not get on the way

two hours before low water, he cannot make the altogether 15 kilometer trip, because two hours after low tide he has to be standing at the Pellworm Dike again. If he is later, he does not make it across the incoming water.

Over the indiscriminate vastness of the sand flats his shape soon is no more than a crooked shadow. Nine thousand steps there, nine thousand back, one hundred steps per minute. He no longer counts them and his temp is always the same. Thus, the distance and the speed substitute for the missing road markers. Self-assured, he makes a twenty degree turn to the East at the right point, then again twelve degrees northward to avoid deep water. A net of coordinates which makes the unbelievable vastness surveyable. Over Suderoog and also beyond the horizon.

And ever further out until the opposite side of the Atlantic's shoreline appears and the ancient oaks of Harkers Island grow out of the water. Oaks, held down by the perpetual wind and grown twisted into themselves. With leaves, finely incised, tiny and almost as hard as thorns. Oaks, with bizarre, windswept tips, slanting like waves breaking against the pointed gables of the wooden houses or on calm days like snippets of clouds. An illusion of movement, which--at the moment of recognition--turns into another illusion, that of continuity.

*Acknowledgement: Much appreciation is extended to Marianne Murdoch of Wildwood, N. C. who graciously offered her services in the translation of this article from German into English. **The Mailboat** is grateful to Ann Rose for having secured the translation.*



*Owen Fulford ~ Island businessman who developed land for building on the Island.*



*Hermann Cornelius Ohrt  
He was a fisherman and collector of amber.*



## Two Islands, Horizons Apart

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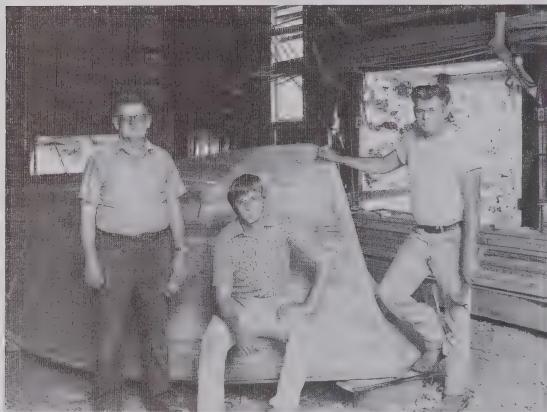
*Louie C. Willis ~ Auto Mechanic*

*Heinrich von Holdt ~ Machinist*



## A Common Past

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*(Left) The Willis Family ~ generations of boatbuilders*

*(Below) On the Jansen family farm, grandmother and great-grandmother live under the same roof.*

*(Below) The fisherman and his wife, Dallas and Mary Rose.*



*(Right) The veteran farmer and his wife, Max and Mieke-Both.*

## An Uncertain Future!

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*"Miss" Nettie Brooks ~ Mother and Homemaker*

*Johanne Petersen of Pellworm*





Salter, continued from page 57.

scrubbed the floor and was waiting for it to dry. It was in the summertime and it started raining, she had set the tub on the top door step to catch some rain water. We used well water then. Papa had dug a well in the back yard. I can see it now in my mind. He had it boxed in, with boards built up about 3 or 4 feet high, with a cover on top to keep the leaves and trash out of it. There was two or three families living across the road and they always toated water from that well to use. But after it stopped raining, it was just a light shower. Me and Sisie wanted to go back home to play. Mama told us we could go, but to be sure and clean the dirt off our feet before we went in the house, so there was only a little water in the tub. We decided to get in that and wash the dirt off our feet. Sisie got in first, washed hers and got on the porch. I got in and stepped too close to the edge and the tub went over with me in it. Some way I caught my arm or hand under me. I got it broken. I had got up and was on the porch crying. This old woman, that lived across the road, came to get a bucket of water, saw I was hurt and she called my mother. So she came and got me, and took me back to grandmama's house. Of course Papa was in the woods hunting, and there was no way to get me to a doctor. There was an old doctor that lived in Atlantic at that time. Aunt Cordelia found out about me getting hurt, so she came. i remember she got some cotton seed, and beat them up in a cloth, and made some kind of poultice out of it and put it on my arm. it eased the pain some, and took some of the swelling out. I don't remember what else she put in it. But when Papa came home, he got a boat, and took me to the doctor in Atlantic. He got it set, put some little splints on each side, and wrapped it tight with a bandage. He told me not to take it off for so many days. I remember how bad it itched under the bandage. It was in the summer time and it broke out with heat. I don't think I was ever carried back to the doctor. Mama took the bandage off when it was time. As far as I know, that was the only time I was taken to a doctor, until I was grown and married about 4

years, then I was pregnant. I only went twice during that time.

My childhood days seemed short. i was grown up at twelve years of age. I was married when I was not quite fifteen years old. My marriage did not turn out to be a very happy one. I was married about five years when my first baby was born, a girl. I named her Myra. In about four years my baby boy was born, his name was Ronald. He only lived to be one year and nine months old. His death was a hard thing to get over; but I know he is in Heaven and someday I will go to e with him. There, where no tears, sorrow, or heartaches will ever be.

My marriage only lasted about ten years, and ended up in divorce. I came back to live with my mother and father with deep regrets that I left home as young as I did. My advice to young girls, is never tie yourself down in marriage until you are old enough to know what you are doing.

I thank God He has blessed me with a good husband. Clarence and I have been married since September 15, 1939. Our baby girl was born November 23, 1940. She is named Iris Faye. She is now married and has to girls of her own and a good husband. A Christian family, Thank God for that.

My husband and I accepted the lord Jesus and have been living for Him a good many years. This is the only kind of life that makes people really happy. There's the hope of spending eternity in Heaven, where we can be with our loved ones, but best of all with Jesus.

I thank God for sparing my life for seventy-two years. My twin sister Caroline and my younger sister Mariam have already gone to be with the Lord, along with Mother and Daddy.

## A Memorable Year - 1993.

Thelma P. Simpson

This past year, 1993, was a memorable one for me. I had opportunity to "retrace my steps," doing many things I had not had the opportunity to accomplish in years.

On Mother's Day, my "boys" took me to Shackleford in their boat as a treat, stopping at the OLD cemetery to browse around, stopping to read tombstones inscriptions and getting quite a few ticks in the process. We rode as far as where Edna Heslip's camp used to be and reminisced about the many good times all had enjoyed as Edna's guest.

Memorial day was spent riding to and from Shackleford clamming, fishing, swimming, and visiting - as always an enjoyable day.

Fourth of July weekend was a repetition of Memorial day except most of the relatives from Mississippi, Ohio, Florida, New Jersey, Virginia and other states were here to join in the fun. I made my yearly dive from the houseboat at that time - as I knew I could not do it on my birthday, as it fell on a weekday.

As usual, "All my children" threw a "big bash" for me on my eighty fourth birthday, where fifty to sixty relatives and friends joined us for this occasion.

Later in the summer, I had the opportunity to attend the yearly LUPTON reunion at Whortonville on the Bay River, with good friends, Jack Goodwin and Evelyn Morse. It was a memorable event; especially as I am a LUPTON descendant, also.

Labor day weekend, my family took me and lots of family to Cape Lookout, as I had not been there in years. We made pictures of the lighthouse, which is much nearer the sea and sound than my last visit several years ago. It would be such a pity to let this LANDMARK fall in the sea.

This present lighthouse was built prior to the Civil War to replace another which was about to fall into the sea.

In nineteen hundred and seven-two, (I think), I visited an eight-four year old cousin of

my fathers - William Tyler Pake who lived in Bethe, N.C. He related to me the story of the building of Cape Lookout Lighthouse, stating that his own father, a lad of 10-12, carried the bricks up the steps to HIS father, William Thomas Pake who helped build the lighthouse.

On our way back to the houseboat at Shackleford, we stopped and picked up sand dollars and conchs, then clammed a while, getting enough for steaming later on that afternoon.

Shortly after getting back from our trip to the Cape, a severe thunderstorm came up with winds of great velocity. Everyone scrambled to get in one of the several houseboats moored near the shore. The menfolks worked to secure all the small crafts and the houseboats, moving them offshore for safety.

The children and some of the older ones were very frightened, but one little boy told me, "God would protect us, wouldn't he"? U assured the child that he would and he did, for the men saw a water spout in the distance, but "He, who stems the tides and calms the mighty seas" looked after us and everyone arrived home, safely.

Later, I attended the yearly reunion of the Missionary Baptist Church at Smyrna, N.C. with my good friend, Maxine M. Lynch, which was a real treat for me; as my forebears were members of this church and my husbands family were members for years.

A couple weeks later, Maxine and I "retraced our steps" and attended the Smyrna School reunion, (50th, I think), where graduates of former years came from as far away as Florida to attend. This was a very enjoyable day, also, as I saw friends and relatives of bygone days.

On Thanksgiving, most of my large family of six children, thirteen grandchildren and 20 great-grandchildren joined me for "turkey and all the trimmings," which was a real treat for me. Later the children played outside, as the day was so "balmy".

On the following Monday evening, I was rushed off the hospital where I had "pace-maker" surgery, on Thursday, returning home in time to address and mail over fifty "Thank You" and Christmas cards to friends and relatives all over these United States; then buying and wrapping nearly as many gifts (with the help of my family). I was also able to help with the BIG Christmas dinner at Christmas. What a memorable year for me!

### *Somebody Likes Me*

*Somebody "Up There" likes me,  
I know that this is true;  
I feel it in the morning sun,  
In evening's cooling dew.  
I've lived through years of good times,  
Much happiness, I have known;  
Deep sorrow came in dead of night,  
And, I was left alone.  
Still, I survived, as others do,  
Continued on my way;  
With loved ones at my "beck and call,"  
How could I go astray?  
Somebody "Up There" likes me;  
And, takes good care of me.  
Else, how could I have survived,  
"Till, I'm past eight-three.*

*Written, Sunday, October 25, 1992*

*P. S. I was eighty-five on July 15th, 1994.*

## Book Notes

### *The Lore and Lure of the Coastal Banks*

*Billie Jean Huling, Illustrations by Beth Munden, Published by Mount Olive Press*

#### *The Ca'e Banker's Bench*

The Ca'e Banker sits on his old Banker's bench.  
It has weathered soft gray by the salt-laden air.  
His nets are all gathered around his bare feet as  
his shuttle flies swiftly so the mesh will then meet.

His dim eyes peer at a long-distant past  
when the fish were abundant along Ca'e banks.  
He dreams of his youth of vigor and might,  
of man-powered boats and whales in the Bight.

He longs for salt mullet, for robins and loons.  
He is waiting alone for his daughter's call  
to hard crabs and dumplings like his mate used to m  
or to oysters and clams he has taken by rake.

He lives all alone. She left long ago to sleep  
in the graveyard under totems of conch,  
where they hang from the branches of green live oa  
There she rests forever among her own folk.

He strokes the gray wood of the solid old bench.  
It has weathered by time like the Banker himself.  
His roots are all buried so deep in the sand,  
he will never stray far from his bench on this strand

Today I read Billie Jean Huling's "The Lore and Lure of the Coastal Banks." *Yesterday* I read Billie Jean's book. I dare say I'll read it some more on long winter nights and soft summer days in my hammock.

Within this book I found "the spirit of the Banks." Obviously it has captured the author and she in turn has with her words captured it "in writ." From one who is "born 'n bred," Thanks!

MG



## The Sweetest Smell

Joel Hancock

The "Booze Yacht." Almost everyone who has grown up in Carteret County has heard the story, and almost as many know the song. The late Grayden Paul helped to preserve and popularize them both. "The coming of *The Adventure*," two weeks before Christmas in 1923, gave birth not just to Ralph Sanders' song, but to such a host of stories that it has assumed the status of legend. For that very reason, some blithely assume the whole account to be anecdotal, dismissing the fact that there are real men and women who can still recall the event, and especially its aftermath.

My father, Charlie William Hancock, was fourteen at the time, and vividly recalls the real thing. It was assumed that he was too young to go with the others to the scene, but he still tells of watching as older men dropped overboard sacks full of illegal whiskey attached to buoys for safekeeping. He describes how he stood on his father's shoulders to reach overhead and stash bottles between the attic floor and the bedroom ceiling. He recounts how his uncle dug holes in the ground in his chicken coup, deposited his bottles, and then allowed the chickens to scratch over the fill to hide all traces. He can even recall the name of those unlucky ones who were caught with the illegal contraband and ended up serving time for violating prohibition.

My uncle, Louie Hancock, who died in 1985 at the age of 95, was another of those who had lived through and "enjoyed" the Booze Yacht experience. One of the stories he loved most to relate was of how he, then in his twenties, gathered his own cache from the booty left by the rum-runners.

Like many of the other Islanders, "Big Buddy" as we called him, scurried to get to the Cape as soon as he heard from Clayton Guthrie that some lucky fishermen had hauled in a net full of whiskey. Along with Clayton, and his uncle Dankey (Dannie Willis), they dropped everything they were doing and made for the Banks. In his little boat, the *Best Bug*, they hurried across

Back Sound and into Banks Bay and to the shores of what had been Diamond City. He knew the area like the back of his hand, for his father,



*Louie Hancock, several years after his "Booze Yacht" escapade.*

Charlie, still had a fishing camp there, very near where the homestead had been before the storm and exodus of 1899.

The spot was as practical as it was convenient. Once ashore, it was a mere half-mile walk across the banks to the Cape shore where burlap sacks full of liquor now lay awash in the surf under the late fall sun. This was about the best that the scavengers could hope for. Barden's Inlet as a quick water access to the Hook of the Cape and the south shore of Shackleford was still a decade or more from reality. A boat trip all the way down the Banks toward Fort Macon channel and back east to the Hook was nearly as impractical. The cargo of *The Adventure* was illegal, that's why it had been dumped overboard in the first place. Loading and hauling that stuff back through Beaufort Inlet and under the nose of local, state, and federal officers, would have been foolhardy, even for rugged and carefree fishermen.

But the most compelling reason for the straight-shot route that necessitated walking across the Banks was that neither Big Buddy,

across the Banks was that neither Big Buddy, nor most of the other pillagers, had more than enough fuel to make only the shortest of excursions. In fact, it was customary, when time was of no essence, for the watermen of the Island to turn off their newly acquired gas engines and hoist a sail, just to save their precious fuel. So substituting a fifteen minute walk for a two hour boat trip was no great concession for the eager young explorers.

Arriving at the shoreline of Diamond City the group found the bay already crowded with the boats of others who had come with their same intention. In fact, Big Buddy would often remark, the trip across was almost like a parade, as an ever increasing flotilla headed for the Cape, either to claim their share of the booty or just to watch others do the same.

The *Best Bug* was left anchored far enough off shore to assure that she would not be stranded by the ebbing tide, and the eager young pair ran off swiftly across the banks and through the sand dunes. As they made it to the Cape Shore they found a veritable circus as the throng rummaged through the strewn bags and sacks to find just the cache they were looking for. Louie and his companions picked up the first two unopened containers they could find and headed swiftly back northward towards their boat.

About halfway across on their return, Dankey decided to open the sacks to inspect, and sample, what they had collected. To their disappointment they saw that they had picked up "quarts," rather than "pints" as they had supposed. They immediately decided to leave the bags right where they were and return to the shore to get what they had wanted in the first place. So large had been the stash of bottles that even by the time they returned, there still was plenty to choose from. This time they made sure they had the size they wanted and once again headed for their boat.

Within a less than an hour they were back aboard the *Best Bug*. But to their disgust they learned that their boat had been relieved of its fuel supply, most likely by one of their fellow travelers who had come along without checking that

he had enough for the round trip excursion. If necessity is the mother of invention, it can also be the mid-wife of improvisation. For having sampled the whisky in the quart bottles an hour earlier, Big Buddy had noted that it was some of the strongest he had ever drunk. "If alcohol can light a flame," he thought, "why can't it power an engine?"

Thus began his experiment with the combustion powers of distilled liquor. With Dankey at the helm, Big Buddy held his thumb over the open mouth of a bottle of Caribbean Rum and allowed it to seep into the down-draft carburetor of his six horsepower Bridgeport engine. Sure enough, the engine fired up, perhaps from the residue of gas left in the fuel line. But as the trio made their way back across the Sound towards the Island, the motor held its fire and never cut off, not once! As Uncle Louie stood to the back of the engine box holding the bottle, he could feel and smell the exhaust as it fumed from the straight iron pipe that extended from the manifold. He said that he positioned himself so that the exhaust vapors would blow directly into his face. He did so he insisted, because it was "the sweetest smelling fumes he'd ever smelt in his life!"

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*He did so he insisted, because it was "the sweetest smelling fumes he'd ever smelt in his life!"*

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So they made it back with their booty, except for the two bottles they had been obliged to use as fuel for their engine. Big Buddy never found out who had stolen his gas tank that day, and really didn't much care to investigate it. But he never forgot how he had improvised to make it home, nor the smell that lifted from the pistons of that six horse motor as she "put-put-putted" across Back Sound. The "Booze Yacht" was much more than a legend to him, and to those of us who heard him tell his stories. It was just another part of what life had been like in the early days of Harkers Island.

## Sabra D. Davis

Virginia L. Davis

Sabra Davis was born August 10, 1873 to Sheldon Davis and Polly Ann Pigott, the ninth child of ten born of that union. She was born at the eastern end of Harkers Island not far from Shell Point Landing. Her heritage was that of a long line of settlers who made their homes in eastern Carteret County. Her mother passed away when she was about seven years old leaving a void in her life.

The school she attended was near the center of the Island which had been established by Miss Jenny Bell, a missionary from the northern states. It was affiliated with the M. E. Methodist Church there in the community. In that post Civil War era the people were in need so the church helped in the distribution of clothing and other necessities that were channeled through this mission point.

Sabra was fortunate in that she was able to work in the home of Miss Bell, learning skills that enabled her to be an efficient homemaker and neighbor. She learned to read and write a privilege not given to everyone of her generation.

A special event of her younger days was a trip by sail skiff to Morehead City with her father who went there to survey some property he heard was for sale. The place was Shepherd's Point now the Port Terminal area; he didn't find the acreage promising so they returned without making a purchase. She remembered a red dress she wore that day, a quilt remains with a remnant of that garment she thought was so pretty. The best memories of that trip was the time she spent with Papa Sheldon as she so lovingly remembered him.

Other memories included playing along the shore with other children. A favorite game was running up and down the shore. They would knock large shrimp out of the water with sticks then build a fire, roast and eat them. At the same time being careful that their parents did not find out what they had done. "Shrimp are poisonous, they will certainly kill you if you eat them," so

they were told. As far as she could remember, she was the first to serve shrimp for a meal at Davis Shore.

She made another journey with her father to visit her older sister, Orpha Mullens who had married and was living in Elizabeth City. The trip was made on board a sloop named MARY. They went from Core Sound through Albemarle Sound into the Pasquotank River on to their destination. To the end she could recall some of the important land-marks for her father was anxious that she remember them in case some unforeseen event which could disable him or the vessel.

During her early teens, visits were often made to see her Uncle Anson F. Davis who resided at Davis Shore. It was there she met Dennard Lewis Davis. Late afternoon the youth would walk along the shore or meet at Uncle Edwin's store for their pastime. Attending church was another way the young people could meet. After she and Dennard married they made their home on his plantation on the south side of Oyster Creek. To this union was born four children; Leoland, Grace, Lemuel and Grover.

Transportation between most of the isolated down-east communities was by boat. Trips to visit members of their families were dependent upon the mail-boat or other boats going by water to Beaufort or other places for supplies. Communication was limited, often received from passing boats or when boatmen delivered their oysters to factories that employed many people. News of births, deaths, weddings, etc. . . was often heard long after the event.

The bounty of the sea was available for the 'progers' who took their living from the sound and sea. Wildfowl for meat and feathers, seafood used in season, with the farm providing hay for the animals and corn harvested for feed and for cornmeal; they lived a busy life. With many hours labor expended to obtain all this we must admire the industry and thrift that these hardy people used to provide for their families. The gar-



den supplied collards, potatoes and other vegetables that gave variety to their diets. The cast crops such as cotton and sweet potatoes were shipped by freight boat to Petersburg, Virginia in exchange for staples were: sugar, flour, molasses and items that could not be bought at the local stores.

Spring and summer was a time of hard work not only in the fields and garden but wood must be cut for heating and cooking. Nights by kerosene lamp was a time to study lessons, to mend clothes, to knit socks and stockings for every member of the family. The importance of a 'stitch in time saves nine' really had not impressed me until I realized the labor that went into making hosiery for six people that had to last through the winter.

To this special lady education was the door through which her children could pass to obtain a better way of life. The school was located near the center of the community so the children had to walk the two miles taking their lunch with them. She was persistent that they attend regularly and that their lessons were diligently studied. Results were gratifying in that Leoland became a teacher and school principal; Grace attended the Teacher Training School at Greenville, taught school, then was employed at Oxford Orphanage returning from there to care for her parents. While at home she worked in the Register of Deeds Office at Beaufort. Lemuel attended college, choosing Law as his career. Grover farmed the land and worked in the water.

She called herself a back-door nurse going many times to those who needed her with skills she learned many years ago from Miss Bell. Mr. Dennard passed away in 1942. Unable to work as in times past, she still helped with specialties she cooked, supervised the canning and preserving always making herself useful. She pieced quilts, knit and crocheted useful items and mended the clothing. Her mind remained clear to the end receiving a lot of pleasure of repeating the alphabet backward when she was eighty-nine.

Surviving are: Lemuel ninety, retired and living at Cow Pens, South Carolina, Grover eighty-eight, now lives at Davis at the home-place. Also surviving are two grandchildren, great-grand children and great-great grand children.

Is it any wonder that with such individuals who guided and directed our formative years that we in this country can claim the same strength and fortitude. Out courage in times of trouble; when red tides come, when fish, shrimp and other seafood are not here, when sickness and trouble would overwhelm us--because of individuals such as Mrs. Sabra and hundred of others we can use their example to pass these admirable traits on to our own to make our world a better place by our passing through. These incidents were related to me as I visited in her home. She often said she only wanted to be remembered by the little good she did.

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Grayden, continued from p. 26.

### **The Merry-Go-Round**

While Papa was operating his Showboat, he decided to build a Merry-go-round; the first one ever built in eastern North Carolina; so he bought a new Gray Marine motor for his Showboat and did away with the side wheels, and put this same Weber engine in the Merry-go-round. Not only did he build the Merry-go-round, he also built the organ and played the music, and I'll never forget two of the tunes it played: "A Pretty Little Bird on Nellie's Hat" and "Waltz Me

Around Again Willie". That same Weber engine pulled this Merry-go-round.

But to get back to the Weber engine: When we moved to Beaufort in 1911, that same Weber engine was used as the first means of power in his Machine Shop.

### **The Cake Cutter (Bicycle)**

Getting back to that blacksmith shop that he had on Davis Shore: You know what he used for power before he got a motor? It was Bicycle power. Now most everybody had a grinding stone out in their back yard, to sharpen their

axes and hatchets and other tools, but you had to turn that. I've seen them out there turning that grinding stone with one hand and holding their ax on it with another, but not for Papa. He had to think of something that would turn it faster than that, and steady.

So he rigged up a bicycle with a sprocket and chain on it, and before I got big enough, he'd hire some boy to sit on that bicycle and pedal it just as if he was riding it up the road; and it would turn that grinding stone "aflying"; so people could sharpen their tools on that, a whole lot better than they ever could before.

Now about the bicycle: I don't know when the first bicycle ever came on Davis Shore, but I do know that so far as boys were concerned, Halsey and I had the first bicycle that was ever on Davis Shore, and Papa made it, right there in his blacksmith shop. He didn't wait to buy something, he made it. I don't know where he got the wheels and the frame from, but he finally assembled a bicycle. I know where he got the TIRES. He spliced rope together; an inch and a quarter manila rope is what he put on it for tires. He spliced them to it and gave Halsey and me that bicycle; and boys we were the envy of every other boy on Davis Shore.

They would come down to our house and want to ride that bicycle. Well Papa had an in-born talent for showmanship, and some of it must have rubbed off on me; because I thought, "If I'm going to let them ride this thing, I might as well get a little out of it"; so I told them that if they would bring me a stick of candy, or a bar of candy, I would let them ride the bicycle.

Well now, "uncle" George Babbitt was running the candy store up the road and I never did have enough money to buy the kind of candy I wanted. He sold some kind of chocolate that was sticking on the end of a stick, kinda like a lolly-pop, we call it today, but we called it, "Hot stuff stuck on a stick"; so I'd tell those boys, "If you want to ride my bicycle you've got to bring me a "Hot stuff stuck on a stick" or a bar of dandy"; so Halsey and I had more candy than you could shake a stick at.

Papa soon found out about this and said, "Now look 'ahere'. If you boys are going to make a business out of this, you'll have to take turns"; so he let me have the bicycle one week and Halsey the next.

But anyway, talking about Davis Shore "wit": the cows roamed the roads of Davis uninhibited. No fence laws were in effect them, and the cows were dropping their droppings all over the roads and you had to be careful where you were stepping. We lived on Croaker street, the only road in Davis Shore that had a name. It went from the landing where Papa's blacksmith shop was to the house where we lived. "Uncle Thomas' Pine" was about half way, and at the intersection of the Main Road; so Halsey and I would charge the boys a stick of candy to ride that bicycle from "Uncle Thomas' Pine" to our house and back.

That road was so full of cow droppings, you had to be on your P's and Q's while you were riding, and you didn't always miss them; sometimes you split them wide open; so that bunch of boys on Davis Shore named that bicycle "The Cake Cutter"; and that is what it has been remembered as, ever since.

### Home Life

Now I can think of a whole lot of things that happened to me as a boy that had nothing to do with Papa's ability to do as an inventor, but this is certainly about the Paul family in general, and there is one little incident that I remember; that is, that Mama always sent us to Sunday-school and Church every Sunday morning; and the boys used to hang around to our house. Our house was the "Show Place" on Davis Shore. Papa had it all fixed up good with white fences all around the place and flowers blooming everywhere, and telephone lines and a lot of other things that the other people didn't have; but one of the things that was a drawing card to bring all the boys to our house was a tremendous swing that Papa had made between two Pine trees, that in my boyhood days looked to be about 100 ft. high; but I guess they were about 40 or 50 feet high from the ground, but it was a long swing; and all the boys came there to get a chance to swing in this great big swing.

One of my closest friends was a boy named Dewey Willis, who lived down the road and came to my house two or three times a week. Most of the time he wore overalls or old clothes, but every Sunday morning he was there before we got through with breakfast, with his Sunday clothes on and we'd go to Sunday-school.

So one day we had been to Sunday-school and we had come home, and Mama would always ask him to stay for dinner, and he would always say, "Alright," but Mama said it would be an hour or so, because we didn't have any Church that day, only Sunday-school.

So Dewey and I went out in the back yard and walked on down towards the edge of the marsh. Our next door neighbor was a fellow named Herbert Davis. He had a creek that ran from Jarrett Bay clear up to his back yard. They named it "Herbert's Ditch," because he built it; so he could bring his boat clear on up to his back doorsteps, so to speak. WE ALSO had a creek that ran almost up to our back door from where Papa's Sawmill was on Jarrett Bay.

Anyway, Herbert had just got through building a new boat, and Dewey was telling me about it. He said, "Grayden, now Herbert's got a brand new skiff down there in his ditch so let's go down there and get her and go for a little boat ride." I said, "You're sure he wouldn't mind?" He said, "No. He won't mind." So we walked over there and got in that skiff and were in the process of untying her, when we looked up and here came Herbert down his ditch bank. He said, "I'm going to throw you fellows overboard right in the middle of the creek," and started towards us' but we didn't give him a chance. We jumped overboard in our Sunday clothes and headed across that marsh just as fast as we could run, spattering mud in all directions. I don't remember what Mama said to us when we came in the house, but we were a muddy looking mess.

And Oh, how well do I remember one time when Papa had me helping him repair the fence around there! By that time we had a pretty large portion of our ground fenced in. We had a nice vegetable garden, we grew flowers and trees, and had a grape arbor and vines and all that sort of

thing, so we had it fenced in to keep out the marauding animals; so we always had to keep that fence repaired. One day Papa discovered that some of the fence posts had rotted off and we had to fix some new cedar posts. We cut our own posts, you know, and set them down and fastened the wire back to them; so Papa got off early that day and came home and took Halsey and me both with him and we went way out to the back of the field, which seemed like a mile from home, to work on that fence. Of course, it was just about dark when Papa got home, and by the time we got through, it was dark; but we had driven some posts and fastened the wire back up to them, and after the job was completed papa said, "Come on and let's go home now"; and we all started back home.

Of course each of us had certain things that we were supposed to do, and it was my job to bring the sledge hammer back home; but some how or other, I just forgot that sledge hammer. After we had gotten back home Papa turned around and said, "Grayden, where's the sledge hammer?" I said, "My goodness in this world! I must have left it out there where we were working." He said, "Well you go back and get it. We're not going to leave that sledge hammer out there tonight, somebody will steal it." So I turned around and headed right straight back to the back of that fence and ran just as hard as I could go, to pick up that sledge hammer. I finally found it; but just as soon as I got hold of that sledge hammer and put it on my shoulder and started back, boys a Bobcat cut loose the greatest yell and howl I've ever heard in this world. It sounded as if he was within 10 feet of me, and boys he scared me to death. I was so scared I actually froze with fear. I couldn't move a foot. So that was another time I prayed. Not like the one to get that engine to start down there in Cart Island slough, but I said, "Lord, if you'll just pick-em up, I'll put'em down"; and just about that time I felt able to pick 'em up, and I did put 'em down and finally got home; but just as I was turning the corner of the house that Cat cut loose one more yell. Papa said, "What in the world are you running so fast for Grayden?" I said, "A Bobcat's after me. Open the door."



## A View from the Hill

Eddie Hill

In a couple of days I will be heading east. I'll leave behind the gentle rolling hills of southern Person County and follow Highway 70 to either its end or its beginning (depending on whether you are an optimist or a pessimist). Yes sir, I'm heading to "Per," as in "Per-lantic" and folks, nothing could be finer.

You see, this trip marks a special chapter in my life's story. Besides all of the simple joys that await, the Core Sound delicacies like Mullet Roe and friend shrimp, light rolls and molasses bread, stewed hard crabs and scallop casseroles, there is another very special reason that I am heading Down East. And that reason my friends, is to introduce a bundle of joy called *Jacob Hamilton Hill*.

In a way, it is kind of hard to imagine that this will be my son's first trip to a place that is so much a part of me. Hard to imagine in the sense that he will be going to Atlantic not as a returning native but as a stranger in a new land. You see, although he will hopefully always have relatives and friends there, chances are, especially as the son of a United Methodist minister, he will never actually live there.

So what Jacob will know of Down East living will probably come by way of week-long visits with Papa Rod and Grandma Lura, overnight stays with aunts and uncles, and hopefully, a few oh-too-short trips down there when it is just Jacob and his dad (you know, "just the boys" kind of trips). It will be during these excursions that I'll try to share with my son some of the richness and magic of this place called Down East.

But how do you go about sharing a lifetime's worth of appreciation and love? How do you begin to describe a sense or a feeling that only comes by way of countless fall afternoons spent looking out over Core Sound, or just as many nights spent looking up into vastness of the dark and brilliant coastal sky? How do you begin to teach someone to love something as varied and

changing as Core Sound is with its still, summer mornings and roaring fall afternoons?

Well, since I can't teach him the practical stuff like how to clean crabs or open oysters (sorry Granddaddy Winston, I'll never be as good as you were!), and since I have never been much of a hunter or fisherman either, I guess I'll have to stick with what I do know a little bit about: storytelling!

And maybe, just maybe, through my stories, Jacob will come to know a little about this place called Down East, a place so beautifully blessed that God must have held up His hand to His mouth, kissed the inside of His fingertips, reach down from Heaven and gently patted the earth right there on Core Banks. Perhaps he will come to know a little bit about a place where its people speak a special language, a brogue in which the words flow out in a way as melodious as any song ever written.

Maybe, just maybe, if I tell the stories just right, Jacob will come to know these stories, know them in a special way that allows them to become his own. And maybe, just maybe, years from now, Jacob will be writing his own special version of what Down East means to him and of what a truly special place it is.

I can think of no better gift to give my son.

*\* Jacob Hamilton Hill was born August 9, 1994. He weighed 7 lbs., 1 oz. and was 19&1/2" long.*

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We welcome others to join the **Partnership**. **The Mailboat** belongs to all of us ... it is OUR story. Together we can keep **The Mailboat** growing for years to come. We cannot do it alone. Your interest and enthusiasm with what we have brought together in the first few issues encourages us to "keep digging" ... There is so much that needs to be included! Thank you for helping us "get it into print." We are looking forward to many years of working together as **partners**.

"The Mailboat" represents a network of writers, historians, teachers, collectors, folklorists, artists, crafters, and preservationists who are keenly interested in the cultural heritage of North Carolina's coast. Its purpose is to record and share the unique character of this area, its people, and its maritime history and traditions. Together we hope to establish a resource for anyone seeking to learn more about the distinct culture of Carolina's coastal region.

Join us as we strive to keep the real beauty of coastal Carolina alive. It is our belief that those who genuinely care about the coast of North Carolina—the people, their lifestyles, the environment—can preserve and protect this culture from the changes taking place. We can hold on to the things that make Carolina's coast a uniquely beautiful place. May all of us—natives, newcomers, residents, and visitors—share with one another our love for this truly special place.

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